MAYFAIR

£1.95
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 22 No. 12

USA $5.50
CANADA $5.95
AUSTRIA 85.00 SCH
BELGIUM 174 BF
FRANCE 47.00 FF
GERMANY 17.80 DM
HOLLAND 12.90 HFL
ITALY 8,300.00 LIRE
SWITZERLAND 8.70 SFR

Your 40 favourite Girls of the Year

AMAZING TRUE STORY: THE NOVICE WHO HAD TO LAND A LIGHTNING

FULL MARKS FOR UNDRESSAGE: ANTONIA THE SHOWJUMPER STRIPS

TITANIC: HOW THE GREAT LINER WENT DOWN

9 new Christmas Eves

Biggest issue of the Year

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

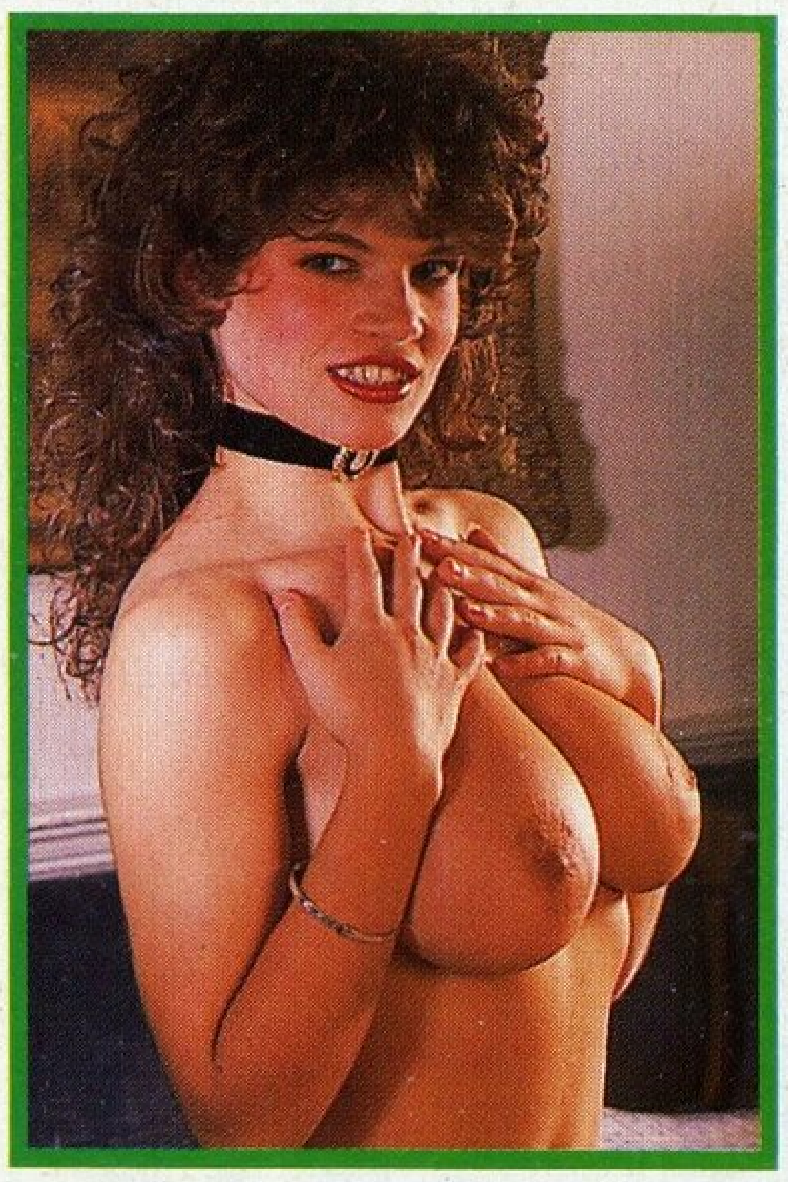
Telephone number: 01-242 1593
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ
PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Vol. 22 No. 12
ABC net paid circulation 345,411

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Soldiers' Christmas:	Army revelry	*Donald Featherstone*	67
The Titanic:	How she sank	*Gerald Rawling*	78
Fairs to the Fore:	Fairground art	*Andrew Morland*	94
Fright Path:	Lightning alert	*John Beattie*	122
GIRLS			
Sylvie:	Our rubber doll	*Hubert Toyot*	11
Kay:	Sex appeal rules. OK?	*Donald Milne*	28
Girls of the Year:	40 of your favourite revelations		43
Antonia:	Horny horse-play	*Allan Sass*	71
Wendy:	Sweet dreamer	*Roy Brewington*	83
Bernadette:	Pine stripping	*Ed Alexander*	104
Marina:	Wander lust lass	*Michael Ancher*	115
Joanne:	In the Seychelles	*J P Burgess*	131
Pat:	Yorkshire Yuppy	*John Allum*	156
Jennifer:	Largely admired	*B Crawford Smith*	169
HUMOUR			
Scrooge:	A *Christmas Carol* lampoon	*Anthony*	101
Motoring Maniacs:	Our A to Z of motoring		128
After-dinner Stories	Your choice jokes		143
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Exclusive XK Jags	*William Boddy*	36
Quest:	The secret side of sexuality		145
FICTION			
Christmas Spirit:	Awake in a dream	*David Almandine*	22
Home to Roost:	A matter of honour	*Jules Archer*	112

SPECIAL OFFERS **Mayfair Jigsaw** page 42/**Style Watches** page 114/**Lingerie** pages 124 and 126/**Best of Mayfair** page 140/**1988 Calendar and Diary** page 142

READER SERVICES **Letters** page 10/**French Subscription Details** page 151/**Book Society** page 164/**Back Numbers** page 176/**Subscription Details** page 177

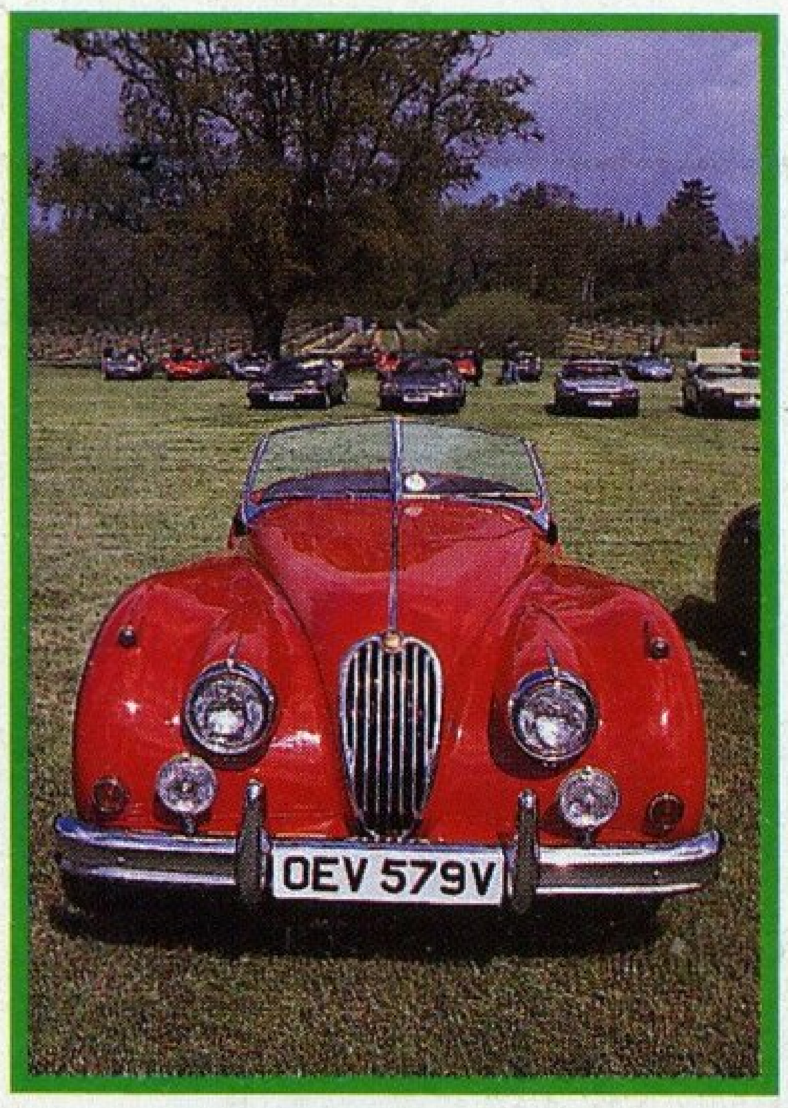


Who's this playing Little Red Riding Hood? It's Kay Griffiths who's never afraid of big bad wolves like us

28

The universal appeal of the fair lives on.

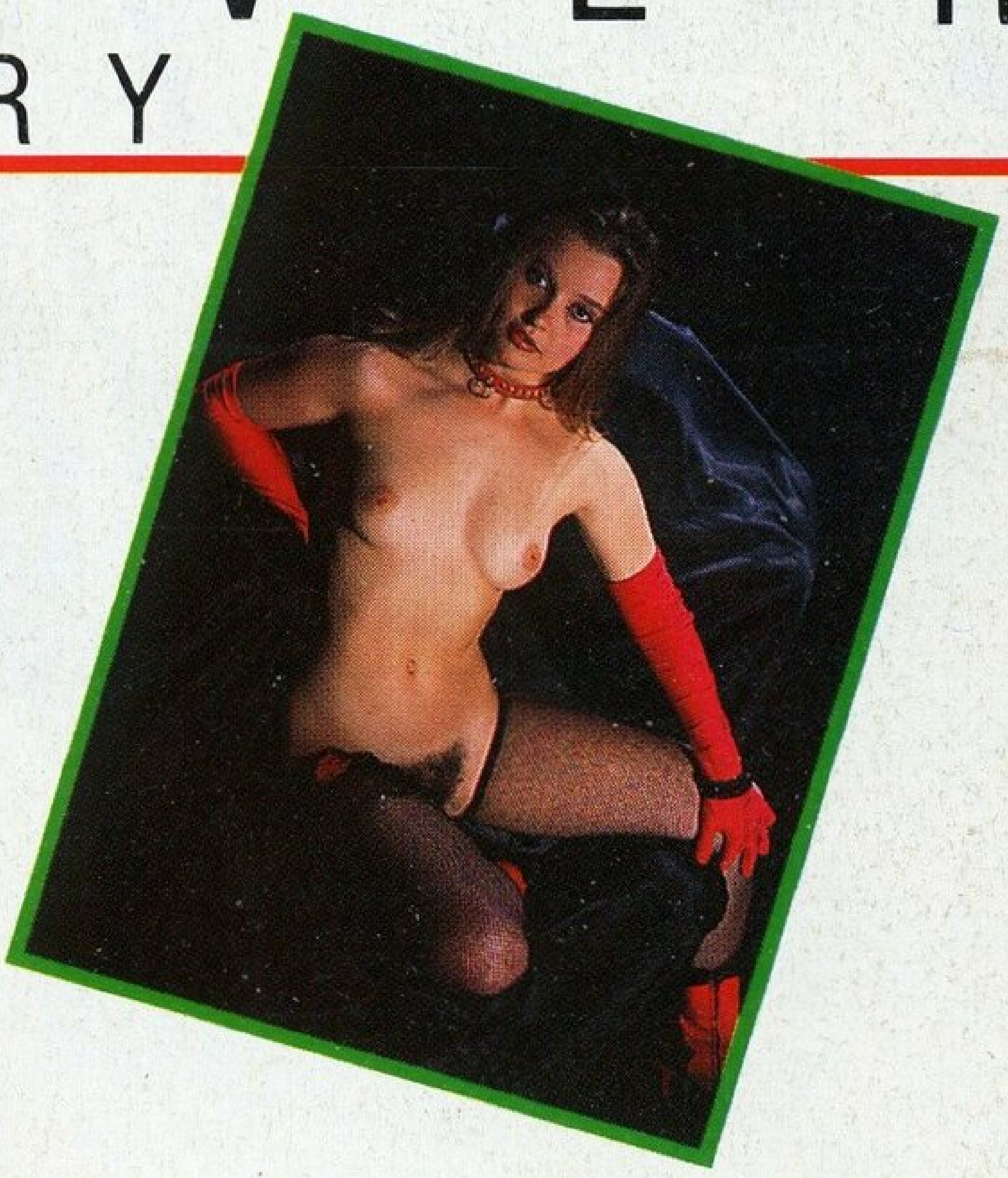
94



When first introduced the classic XK Jaguars of the 1950s caused a sensation. These thoroughbred race winners were relied on by the best racing drivers of the era.

36

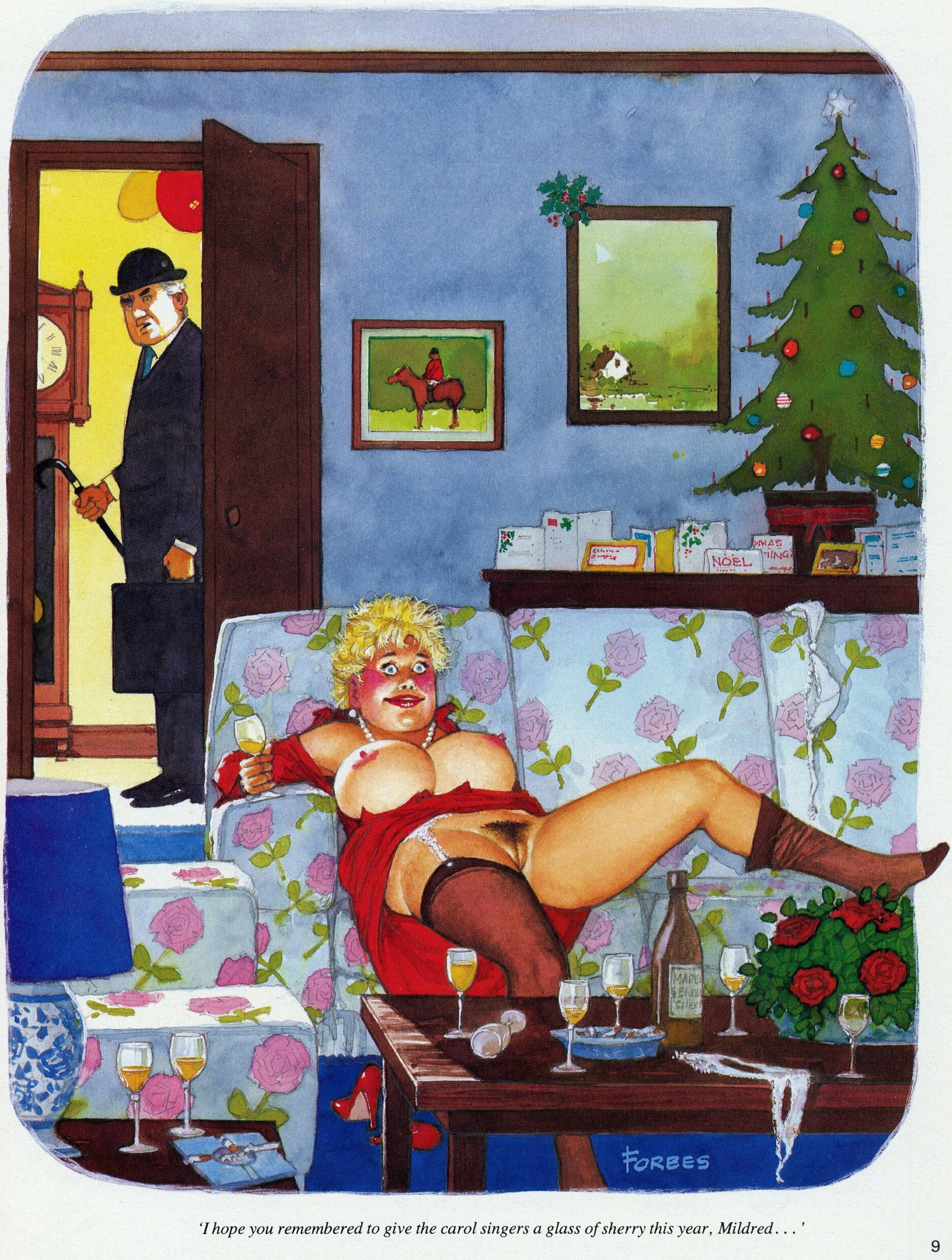
COVER STORY



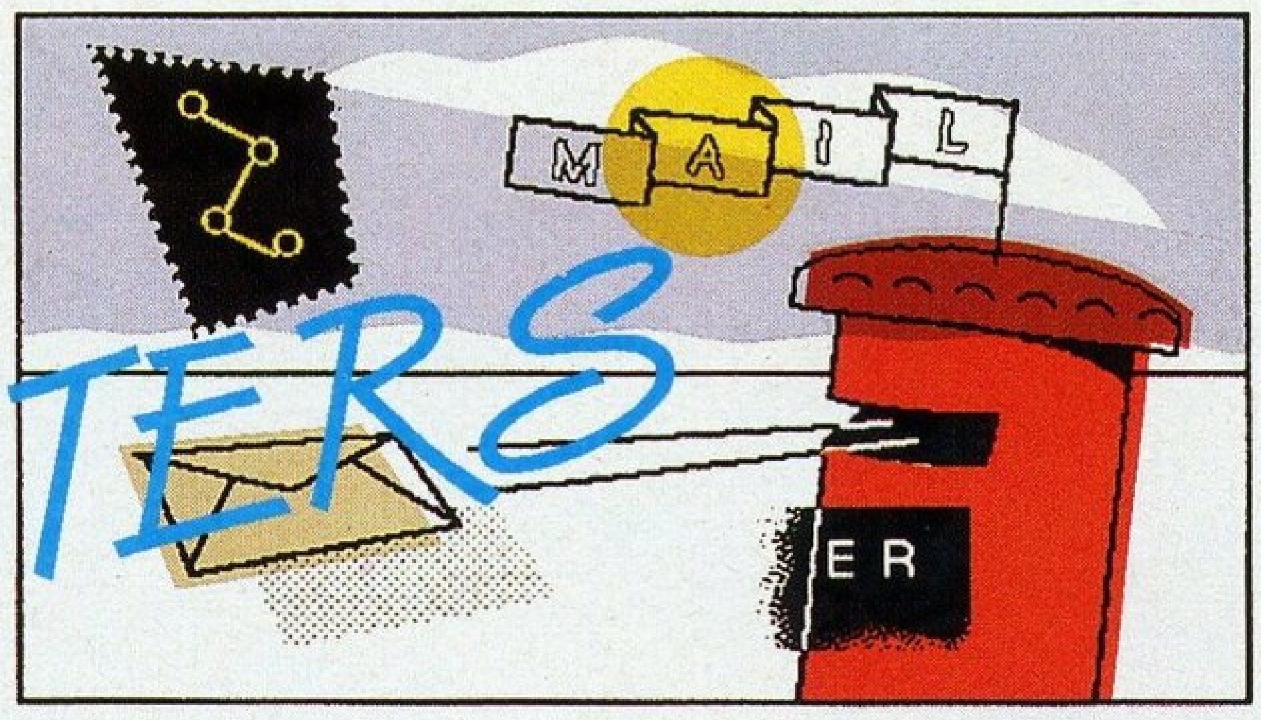
Quiet Sylvie loves plastic and rubber-wear. But with no man in her life who appreciates her individualism, all that's clinging to her this Christmas is her slippery, black, shiny, PVC outfit.

11

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistants **Sarah Buck** and **Lisa Oldfield** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.



'I hope you remembered to give the carol singers a glass of sherry this year, Mildred . . .'



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Satisfied customer

It was refreshing to find that the readers of *Mayfair* have kept the magazine on course. What would the dear old thing have become if the *Scene* and review sections had gone forever? Would the motoring section have followed? No, there are some things you can change to look a bit more trendy, but please don't get too carried away. The balance in *Mayfair* has always been right, that's why it's the best magazine around.

Even the letters pages keep the balance. Unlike some magazines, the silly sex stories don't dominate the letters, and the lead letter on censorship in Vol 22 No 7 set a tone which should always be kept in mind if magazines like *Mayfair* are to survive the clean up campaign, they must show that they're not just aimed at the dirty raincoat brigade, and the letters and articles in *Mayfair* help keep that criticism at bay. It is a lot easier to aim it at other magazines, and perhaps even a newspaper or two!

I'm glad the new-look *Mayfair* hasn't dropped to the Readers' Wives level yet, and hopefully never will. You now include *Best of Mayfair* in the annual subscription, and you are proudly advertising *Mayfair's Girls of Summer*, which appears to be all reprint material. But what about *More of Mayfair*, a once a year special devoted to the girls people have asked to see more of, using shots which weren't published in the initial spread. There must be plenty of material left from *Mayfair* shoots.

J Brewer, Newcastle

Inn the nude

My job involves travelling throughout this delightful country, and I have always enjoyed the strip-tease in certain pubs. But often, when you return after a year or so, a new landlord has taken over, and the pub has changed. He is the last person who is going to tell you where the best strip venue is. So, you waste the rest of the week trying to locate it.

I would like to suggest that *Mayfair* carries occasional listings of these venues, from readers' advice. I'd like to start the ball rolling with the *Queen Anne*, Vauxhall, London; the *Broadway*, Burnt Oak Broadway, London; and best of all, the pub opposite Yates' Wine Lodge, Bradford. Where else could you lick whipped cream from a girl's nipples or dance with a delicious, naked, true blonde, all for the price of a few drinks?

Alan Rice, London

Adds a new dimension to blowing off the froth. More seriously, we like to hear of readers' favourite pubs with erotic entertainment.

More to come

Please would you feature another set on Toni Malone (Vol 22 No 4) in the near future. Her stunning good looks simply must be displayed in your magazine again. Failing another new set, how about printing some of the pictures that didn't make it into the first set? In fact, may I suggest you do a whole series on some of the most popular girls using pictures that haven't previously appeared? After all, for every published picture, there must be a dozen discarded shots. You could call the series *Rest of Mayfair*.

G Goddard, London SE6

Toni is now with an agent who discourages models from posing fully nude for English magazines. But happily we have secured a second set of pictures of Toni which will be appearing soon.

Sisterly love

I was particularly interested in the letter sent in by H K of British Columbia, about him finding his wife's best friend's panties in the bathroom (Vol 22 No 6). A similar thing happened to me. When my wife's younger sister, Stephanie (name changed) came to stay.

She is 18-years-old and a real stunner, tall with short black hair. She is well-known for enjoying sex, having had affairs with several lads since leaving school. She and my wife go to the local leisure centre for a swim and sauna, and my wife has often remarked how her younger sister has the hairest fanny of all the females in the sauna. I thought I would never get the chance to find out if this was true — until the week she came to stay. She slept in the spare room and on the first morning with us I was amazed when she came downstairs in just a bra and pink mini-briefs — cotton ones. They hardly covered her private bits. She sat cross-legged on the floor opposite me. I couldn't help but notice the large bulge her pubes made under the material of her briefs. She made no attempt to cover herself, and she must have realised I was getting a real eyeful. My wife was busy in the kitchen at the time. Stephanie leaned back against the chair behind her with her knees up and her legs casually open, and pretended to read the morning paper. I had an exquisite view of her complete private parts hidden under the dampening material of her mini-briefs.

My wife announced she was going to the shops and that breakfast was ready. Leaving us alone was just what Stephanie wanted. Once we were alone she said, 'You're having a real treat ogling my pants, aren't you?' I replied, 'It's not your pants, it's what's inside that I want'. Without saying a word, she reached down and pulled her pants to one side, revealing her damp crotch covered in a forest of thick bristling, black hair. 'There. have a look at that,' she said. I got down with her, pushing her back on the rug without the slightest resistance. Her briefs were still pushed to one side and I slid in all the way up. Total ecstacy! As we began to make love, I felt her hands around my bum, urging me to move faster. I climaxed just as she did. It was the best ever.

(Name and address withheld)

Bravo Branson

Where did you find those pictures of Richard Branson's lady from? What a fabulously well-built woman she is, and what a lucky

turn to page 18

SPORT WEEKENDS

Give yourself something to remember—A sporting event is a unique occasion and everyone wants to be there. We offer luxury hospitality and travel facilities to the following

· RUGBY INTERNATIONALS ·
· **CHELTENHAM GOLD CUP** ·
· GRAND NATIONAL ·
· **MONACO GRAND PRIX** ·
· FRENCH TENNIS OPEN ·
· **LE MANS 24 HOURS** ·
· **BRITISH OPEN** · OLYMPICS ·
· BRITISH GRAND PRIX ·
· **WIMBLEDON · COWES WEEK** ·
· US OPEN TENNIS ·
· **ARC DE TRIOMPHE**

...and many, many more

We also arrange Group days out with:
FLYING DAYS MOTOR RACING GOLFING WEEKENDS
Join the professionals in a specialist field CAA ATOL 1592

IATA ITA UK AIRTRACK SERVICES LTD.

Send for a brochure or contact Lorraine Joyce
Tel: (0895) 70921. Tx: 917423 Fax (0895) 54088
5 Lees Parade, Uxbridge Road, Uxbridge UB10 OPQ

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
HUBERT TOYOT

SYLVIE

'I love wearing plastic gear,' said Sylvie quietly

Sylvie slid into the black, shiny PVC outfit and purred, 'Mmm, that's nice.' She adjusted the glistening plastic around her thighs. 'I love this stuff,' she said quietly. 'I like the way it clings all over, and gets all warm and slippery under the lights. I could wear it all day, and have, on occasions.' At 22-years-old Miss Masters admits to being a fan of all things black and shiny. 'When plastic and rubberwear came into fashion this year, I was really pleased,' she said. 'I've always had a few coats and pairs of boots but now I can buy dresses and tops as well. I jump at any excuse to wear them.'

'I like the way it clings and gets warm and slippery'

‘I’ve even worn red PVC panties to work’

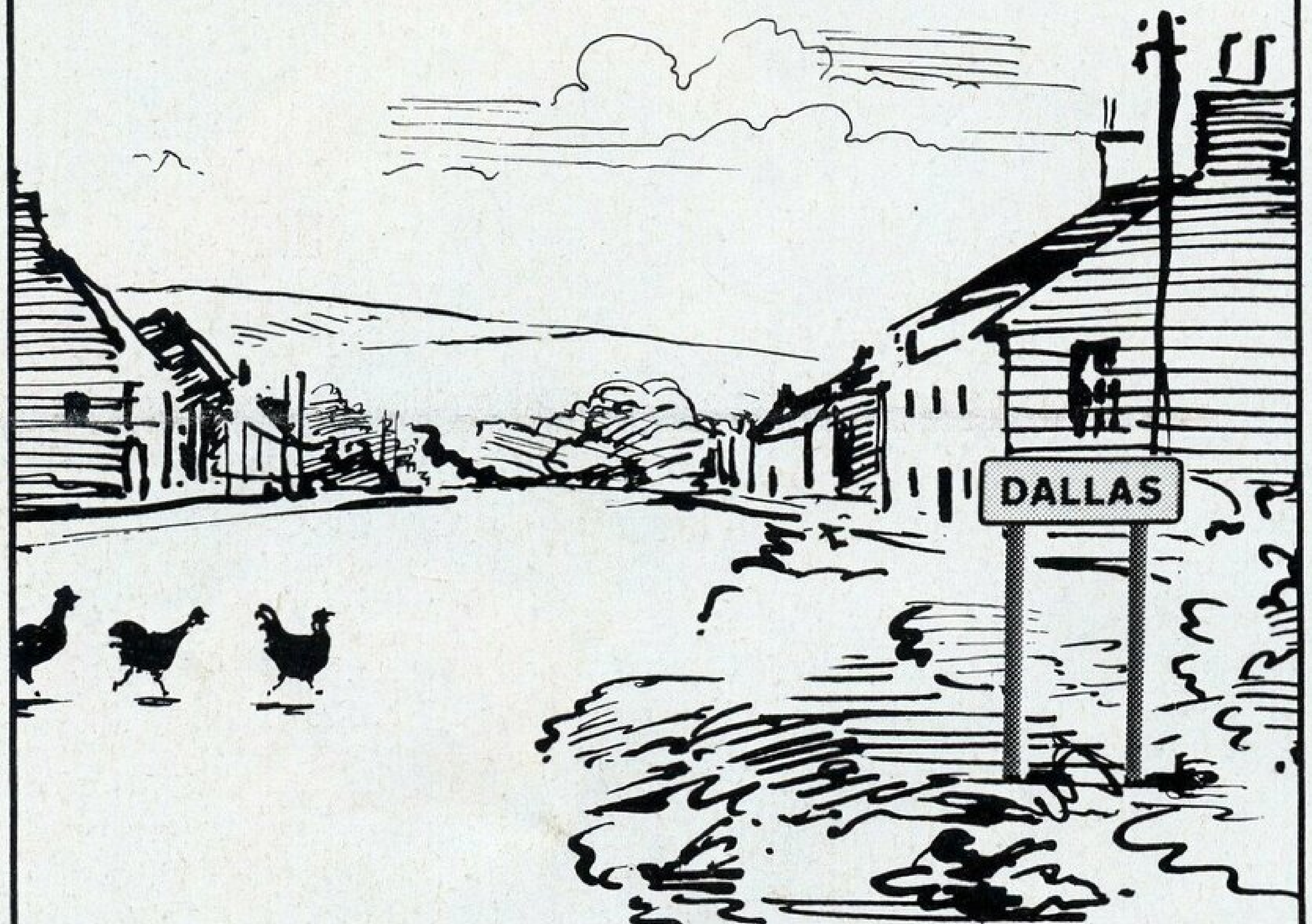
And what better excuse than the cover and first photo-set of our Christmas issue? Sylvie has been modelling part-time for two years, combining it with work as a hotel receptionist. ‘I usually leave my PVC gear at home, then,’ she laughed, ‘though I have been known to wear a pair of red PVC panties to work.’ Back at her flat in Greenwich, she is less restrained, regularly squeezing her 34-23-33 frame in black catsuits, basques and boots before spending an evening at *Skin Two,* a club for fellow fans in the West End. ‘It’s not like a night club,’ she says, ‘Everyone goes, from 18 to 80.’

'I'm dreaming of a black Christmas!'

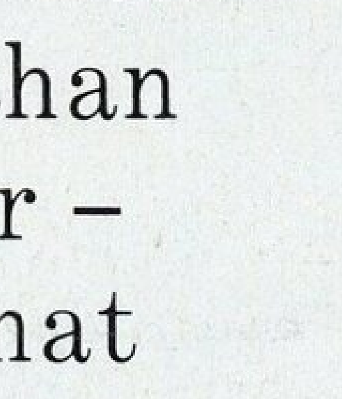
However Sylvie is quick to point out that she's no dominatrix. 'People are always making jokes about me whipping them — nothing could be further from my mind. If anything, I like the man to be more masterful — or at least to decide which restaurant we're going to.' At present, Sylvie doesn't have a regular boyfriend. 'Perhaps all my gear frightens them off,' she grinned.

However, Christmas could well change all that. Sylvie is planning one long round of parties and nights out to celebrate the festive season. 'There must be one man there who shares my taste in clothes,' she sighed. As well as having a penchant for PVC, Sylvie's partner should be tall, slim and intelligent. 'I hate those Sly Stallone types,' she said. 'All muscle and no brain. Having said that, he mustn't be a wimp. I want a man to be mentally strong.' And what would she like as a present? 'A pair of PVC thigh boots from *She an Me,*' she insisted. 'I'm dreaming of a black Christmas!'

No. 1 in Dallas



THE MACALLAN Malt Whisky, voluptuously smooth and lusciously mature, has played the lead *in Dallas* for longer than anyone can remember – Dallas, Morayshire, that is (pop. 203). Here as on Speyside, Highland home of pure malt whisky, The Macallan regularly *gushes faster* than any other malt.



THE MACALLAN. THE MALT.

LETTERS

continued from page 10

devil Branson is. Not only is he rolling in it financially, but he also gets to roll about with Joan. No wonder he's got that permanently cheesy grin all over his face. I wonder if he was quite so happy when his missus turned up in your illustrious publication?
Paul T Able, Winchester

Funny you should ask. Richard Branson's personal assistant contacted the photographer who took the pictures of Joan. Was Branson threatening? Was he hoping to buy the transparencies to destroy them? Not at all. He wanted a big print of one of the pictures. Now that's real style . . .

Tracing Tracy

It was great to see Tracy Neve in *Mayfair* again. I have been a long-time fan and have tried, without success, to get Tracy's autograph. Contrary to what you said in your write up, Tracy's appearances in the *Sun* and the *Star* are few and far between these days and for a collector of her pictures, like myself, this is bad news. In fact, a man I spoke to on the phone once when I was ordering a calendar that featured Tracy, told me she had fallen out with the *Sun* and wouldn't do any more work for them, which is a great pity.
R M, Coventry

Stripped-easy does it

As much as I enjoy your stunning girl sets in *Mayfair*, I was wondering if there was any chance of introducing some sort of strip-tease photo-feature. Nude girls are very nice to look at, yet I feel it is far more erotic to see a woman gradually stripped of her clothes. Each time she takes something off, that little bit more is exposed. It would add an element of anticipation to your photospreads. Too often a girl is fully naked too early on in the set and consequently all the mystery is lost. So let's see some more gradual denuding and a lot less haste.
H Mann, Eccles

Pleasing US

Thank you for the back issues of *Mayfair* I recently received. They are a great addition to my collection. *Mayfair* is much better than its equivalent American magazines. The quality of the printing, the paper, and the photosets of the girls is first-class. Every issue is excellent, packed with lovely ladies. Jane Warner, Sian Adey-Jones, Samantha Fox, Tracy Dixon, Marina, Evelyn Rille (former Miss Austria) are all breathtakingly beautiful.

Mayfair is hard to find in the States and sells out fast at news stands. The nearest place where it is sold is 18 — 20 miles away, but it's worth the trip.
K B Martin, Philadelphia USA

Your views are most welcome, Mr Martin. We're pleased to tell you that our sales in the USA are rising fast. It's probably due to our car features since Americans got interested in the car restoration scene. But it could be Samantha Fox and company . . .

Studying hard

I'm a second year student studying for an English degree at university. Although *Mayfair* isn't on my official reading list I do manage to squeeze in some extra curricular reading whenever I find a spare moment.

Until recently such spare moments were preciously few as I'd been studying for my end-of-term exams. As I'd spent most of my academic year in the student union bar, I suddenly found myself in the campus library for the duration. Here I studied, I ate, studied, slept and studied.

At the end of the second week I was shattered, and cursing myself for not having worked harder in class, I was preparing myself for a swift exit into the outside world, and life as an ex-student.

However, as I was browsing dejectedly through the Shakesperean Tragedy section in pursuit of a suitably literary way to end it all, I caught sight of something that instantly perked my flagging spirits.

Flicking through the books on the bottom shelf, I noticed a movement on the other side, through the gap in the open shelving. I looked up to see a pair of the most sexy, shapely legs I had ever set eyes on. Not only that but because I was the opposite side of the rack the owner of those gorgeous pins couldn't see me looking.

I stared in wonderment at the firm smooth skin of her thighs, which were only just covered by a ridiculously short skirt. As the sun streamed in through the vast

turn to page 176

She was only an erotic fantasy — the figment of a lonely man's imagination. So, why was there a long, blonde hair on his pillow . . . ?

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Fiction by
David Almandine

'Just one more drink, darling?' said the drunk to the barmaid, and he held out his glass for a refill.

'Sorry, it's way past closing time.'

'Where's your Christmas spirit?'

'I've drunk it!' laughed the girl.

Simon drained his own glass and made his way towards the door. Even if they'd still been serving, he couldn't have stayed; he only had a few pence left.

'Merry Christmas,' the barmaid called to him.

Simon nodded, but didn't reply, and the pub door closed behind him. Slowly, he began heading back to his flat. The sky was clear, speckled with stars, the full moon just rising over the centre of

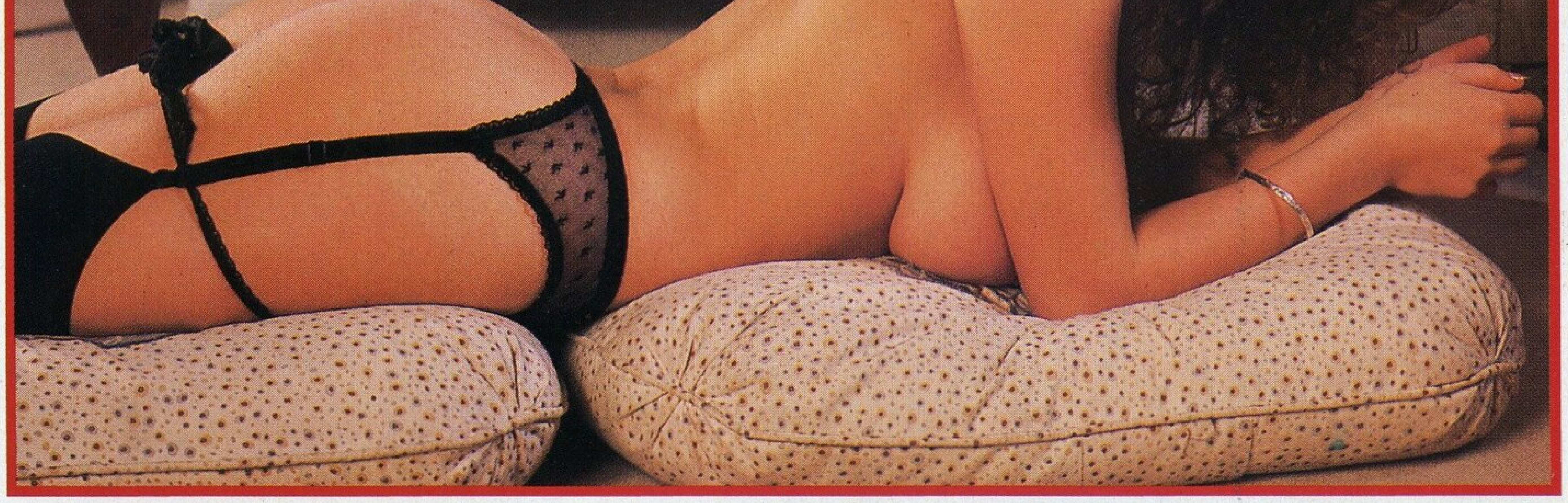
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DAVIES

"SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE"
LAMB'S
NAVY RUM
750ml ℮
40% vol
PRODUCE OF BARBADOS-GUYANA-JAMAICA AND TRINIDAD

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY DONALD MILNE

KAY

Appearing in our Christmas issue is quite a feather in the cap of 19-year-old Kay Griffiths. The young girl from Stonehouse in Gloucestershire has only been modelling for a year after being made redundant by the local hairdressers where she was training to be a beautician. But Kay's own beauty was enough to start up her own modelling business. And she knows how to run it too! After leaving Maidenhill Comprehensive, she did a Business course.



Now she keeps her 34-24-34 figure by regular jogging and dancing at *Casey's* club in Gloucester, though she admits to liking the occasional drink. 'Just a dry martini and lemonade or a white wine,' she insists. 'Anything else makes me fall over!' For dancing, Kay likes clingy low cut dresses if they're not 'too tarty', and the sort of man she would like to partner her should be tall and rippling with muscles. 'My favourite guy at present is Tom Cruise,' she sighed, 'or Arnold Schwarzenegger!' In quieter mood, she enjoys walking Chas, her border collie, through the Gloucestershire countryside. One girl and her dog . . .

REVEALED YOUR 40 FAVOURITE GIRLS OF THE YEAR...

- - WELCOME

to our annual review of our forty favourite girls of the year, and a great 12 months it has been. Opening this year's show is Makepeace lookalike **Christie Lyons** (overpage) who shot to fame toting her gun on the cover of Vol 21 No 7 and on the centre pages. On the left is **Pamela Maconochie**, a Glaswegian from Vol 21 No 10. Och Aye the Nude! Whilst below is one of last year's Christmas belles, **Linda Windebank** of Vol 21 No 12. She's a banker by profession and will arouse even more interest with this re-appearance. And if the girl on the right looks vaguely familiar, don't be too surprised. **Felicity Stewart** is constantly being mistaken for Kim Novak, though Felicity herself is nearly as famous thanks to her set in Vol 21 No 6.

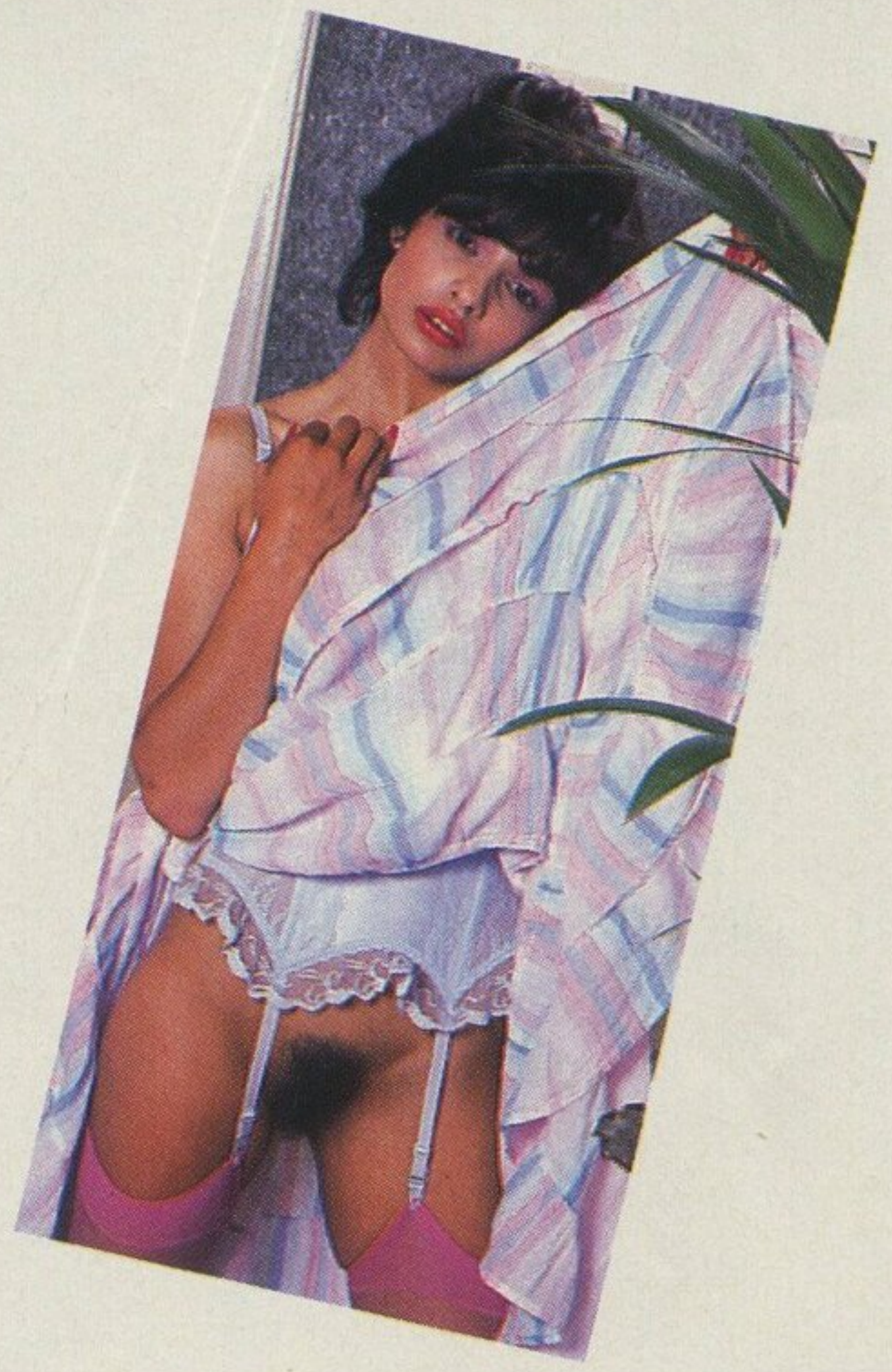
Making a splash in Vol 21 No 9 was **Pat Smith**, seen again on the right. Pat's a swimming instructress who's inundated with pleas from men wanting her to teach them breast stroke. Her 37-inch water wings have cured many a novice's fear of water. Below is another big star of *Mayfair*, 38-inch **Megan Hughes** from Anglesey, North Wales. We were deluged with requests to show her once more after she filled this interesting position in Vol 21 No 1, and we don't 'welsh' on a deal.

When we heard that **Susie Beresford** (left) sold PVC gear, we asked her to wear some for her set in Vol 21 No 1. She refused. Not surprisingly. She works in a DIY warehouse, and all the plastic she sells is made into pipes and guttering. Ruling over Vol 21 No 10 was **Princess Siggi Miksa**. Her great great grandfather, Prince Barclay de Tolly, led the troops into Borodino. The Army in Britain wrote in demanding she lead them. Until she does, enjoy her at ease bottom left. And above you'll find **Margaret McTavish** of Vol 21 No 2 showing what she wears under her kilt. Great Scot!

Vol 21 No 2 also featured Miss *Sunday People* finalist, **Denise Marsh** (two pictures left). Hard though it may be to imagine, Denise is a motorcycle trials rider in Manchester when she's not modelling — but it doesn't seem to have done her any damage. Near left, we uncover again the twin charms of **Tracy Neve**. *The Starbird of the Year* starred in Vol 21 No 5, so let's have a big hand or two for her encore. Now there's no need to gamble on who's featured above. It's **Sue Lee**, the hostess from *Winner Takes All* when Jimmy Tarbuck was in charge. And when did she appear? Vol 21 No 11. Yes, that's correct.

One of our most stylish sets was of **Lydia** (far left) in Vol 21 No 12. One reader, PL of Wick was so overcome by it he wrote demanding that she recreated it by his fireside. Pin this over it instead. PL. Left is **Jayne Weatherfield** from Vol 21 No 10. She told us that she's opted out of the rat race, but evidently still holds on to some of her assets. Whilst the bottom at the bottom belongs to Vol 21 No 11's centregirl **Davina Hill**. A landscape to inspire any painter.

Have you ever wanted to be a soap star? **Joanna Kennedy** did, so we staged one especially for her in Vol 21 No 3. You can see one of her Rolls, far right. On the near right is **Jane Williams** from Vol 21 No 8. Thousands of you wrote in asking to see more of the lady Jane in grey. Equally popular but totally contrasting in style is **Felicity Antonia Bernice Wilkinson** — Fliss to you. Her colourful appearance in Vol 21 No 12 is recreated below. Fliss admitted to being outrageous in her choice of clothing. so perhaps it's just as well she chose to leave most of it off.



Hello, hello, hello, what's all this then? It's policeman's fiancée, **Debbie Cobb**. The picture above is taken from her arresting set in Vol 21 No 5. Gentlemen, no jokes please about the fuzz. If you fancy a touch of class, then look left. **Hayley Roberts** believes in doing everything with style, and judging from the pictures in Vol 21 No 11, we like her style very much indeed. Now, we're not the sort to make pointed remarks, but the picture on the right uplifted many a spirit in Vol 21 No 5. The pert pair belong to **Marie Morrison**, a telephonist built along very very arousing lines . . .

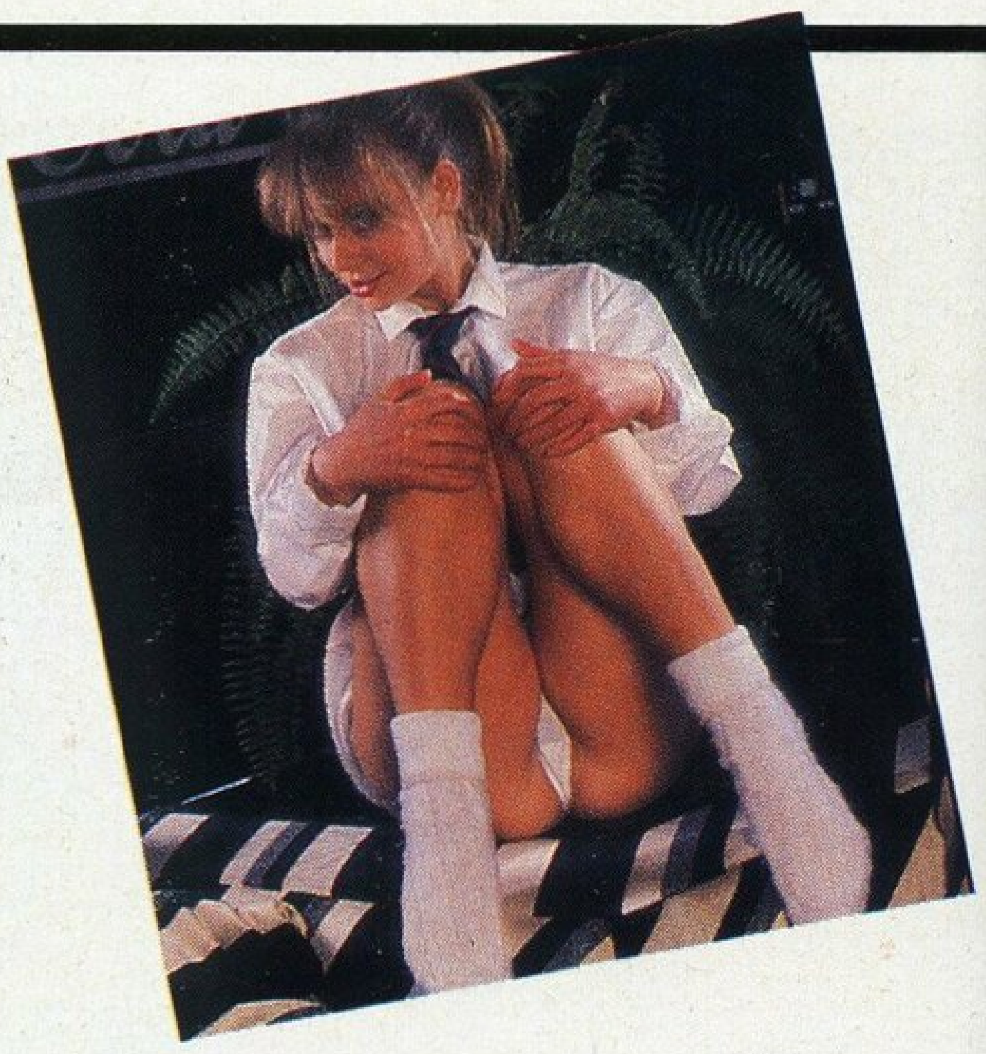
Mirelle Harper leads the Good Life. Her Felicity Kendal-like looks have given her work as a *Starbird*, and in our Vol 21 No 11. A repeat showing can be enjoyed in the two pictures left. Below is **Alison Roberts** from Vol 21 No 2, where she was the centre girl. She works for a super efficient finance company in the City — a loan arranger and pronto! And who can forget the figure on the right? Was it really 12 months ago that we featured her in Vol 21 No 12? Indeed it was.

Lucienne Camille is one of *Mayfair's* favourite girls, featuring for a long time in our cine films and video under her other modelling name Sylvia Bayo. Readers all over the world have given her a standing ovation, and her nipples seem to have joined in.

Two girls whose activities outside modelling make them rather special. Below is Cambridge graduate, **Ella Howard MA** who added a degree of nudity to Vol 21 No 9. And below her is **Silvannia** from Vol 21 No 8 who flashed at the Long Room at Lords. Howzat!

The centre girl from Vol 21 No 4, **Susan Atkinson**, is a great believer in P.E. The gym has fixed it for her to appear again above. Next is **Michelle Gordon** from the same issue. She once appeared as a dancer in the television comedy series, *Don't Wait Up*. You don't have to wait to see her again top left. Near left is **Catherine Gregson** from Vol 21 No 6, she collects clothing from 'La Belle Epoque'. Some of her outfits date back to her great great grandmother, and she loves dressing up in them. On her left is Vol 21 No 2's **Sally Butler**. When she's not on holiday in the Canaries, she's a librarian in Gloucestershire. 'I wish our librarians were like her,' commented RJ of Hammersmith. 'Mind you I'd find it very hard to keep quiet, if they were . . .' We know what you mean.

One of the top bottoms of the year belonged to **Sara Benachour** (left). She told us in Vol 21 No 12 that she is a terrible chatterbox, and once had to sell carpet cleaner door-to door. She cleaned up. All our girls are queens of beauty but **Isabelle Chaudieu**, above, is a real beauty queen. She was Miss France until pictures like these from Vol 21 No 6 got her banned. Morley's loss was *Mayfair's* gain. *Page Three* kindly lent us the lady on the right. It's Andie or **Andrea Louise** as she's sometimes called. She showed somewhat more than the tabloids would allow in Vol 21 No 8, so here's a second edition.

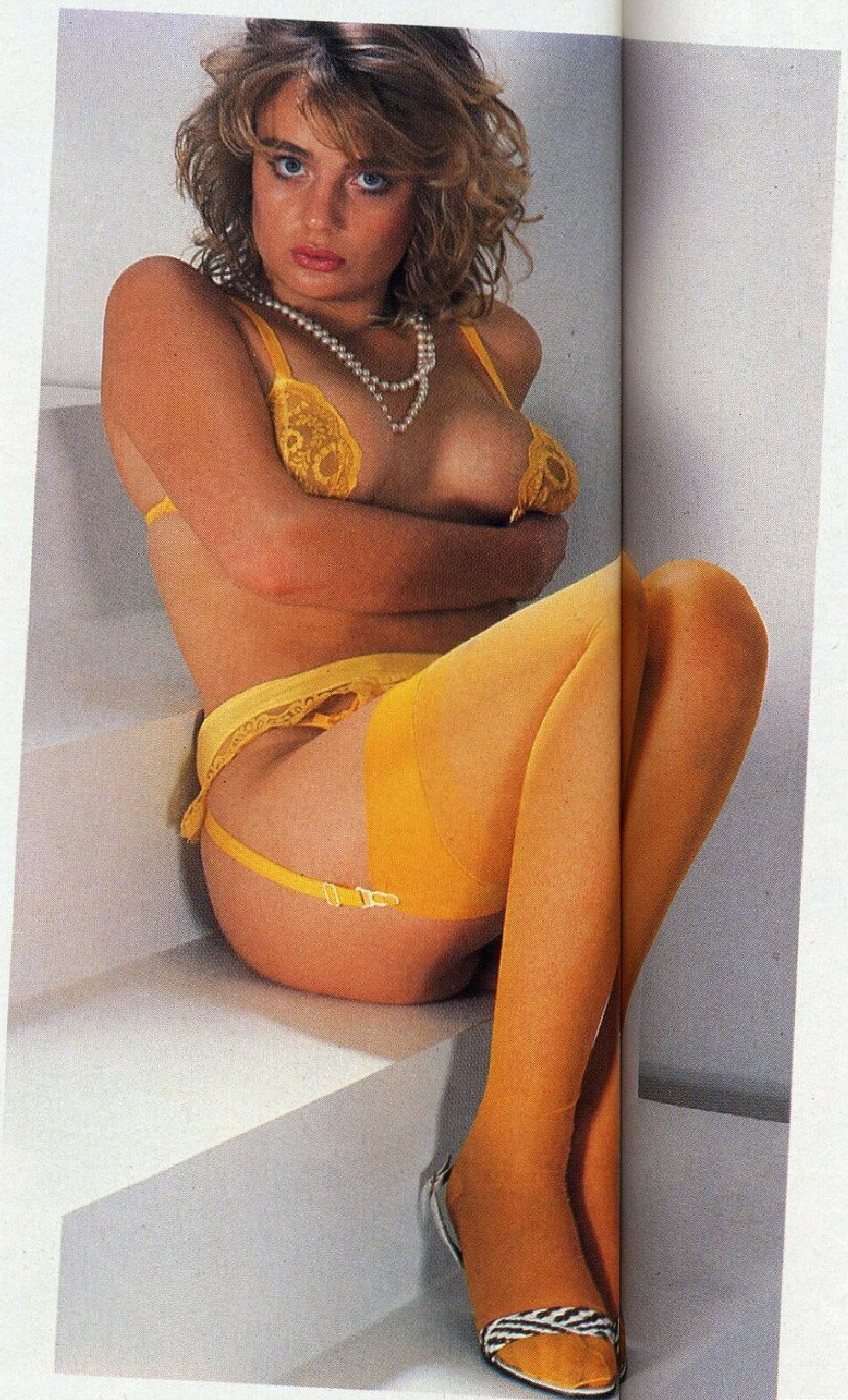


Above and right: Don't let that innocent look fool you. It's **Zoe Lee**, the big star of Vol 21 No 12. Her 38D figure squeezed into a tiny schoolgirl's uniform was too much for many of you. We didn't just receive letters but sonnets and love poetry ranging from Bard to verse. Zoe was just 19 when these pictures were taken. She's a big girl now. Below is another international beauty queen, this time, a former Miss Austria, **Evelyn Rillé**, from Vol 21 No 3. And that statistic you're all after — 39 inches. That's the length of Evelyn's hair. It took eight years to grow, and she has to wash it every day to keep it looking good. Anyone want to lend a hand?

Now **Gail's** a girl who's really taken the world by storm. Miss Thackray left her native Leeds to become a big hit in L.A., thanks in part to pictures like the one above. The set, which appeared in Vol 21 No 8, was shot 'down the road' in Mexico where it's so warm, even a Yorkshire lass has to take her jumper off. Now remember what mum told you about wrapping up, Gail?

Cola

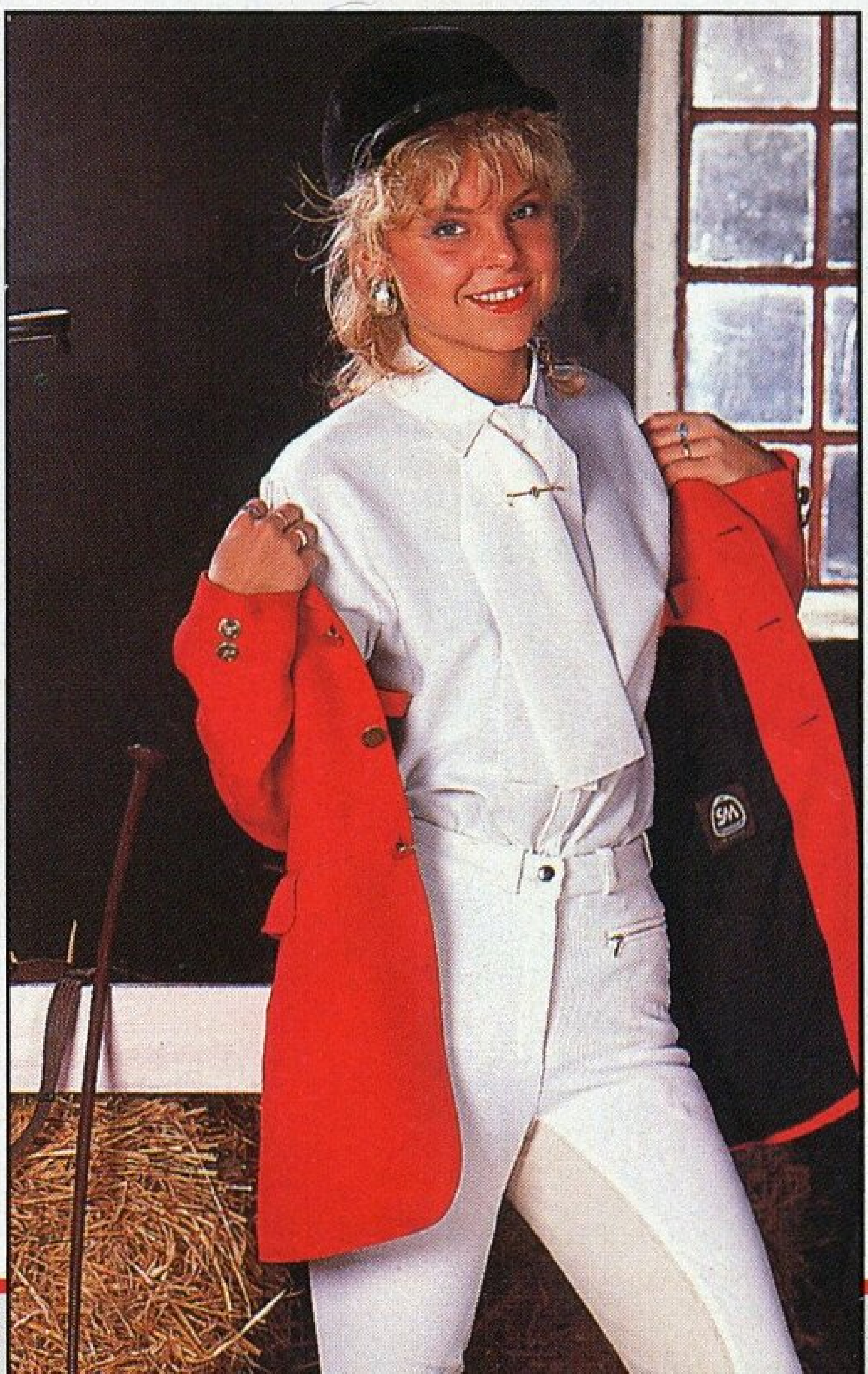
And now the bad news. This is our final threesome. On the left is **Bernadette Masson**, the daughter of a vineyard owner. This vintage picture appeared in Vol 21 No 9. **Melissa Wray,** below, is from the same issue. When we spoke to her, she was looking for love on the south coast. Did she find it? Perhap she'll let us know. Finally the end. In this case the rear end of *Page Three* favourite **Andrea Kovic** (right). Andrea also danced in the title sequence of the Bond film, *A View to a Kill*, and left us shaken and stirred. And with this shot from Vol 21 No 5, we finish this year's 40 girl salute. But don't get too upset. In a year's time we'll have another one for you. Until then, there are plenty more girls to come.

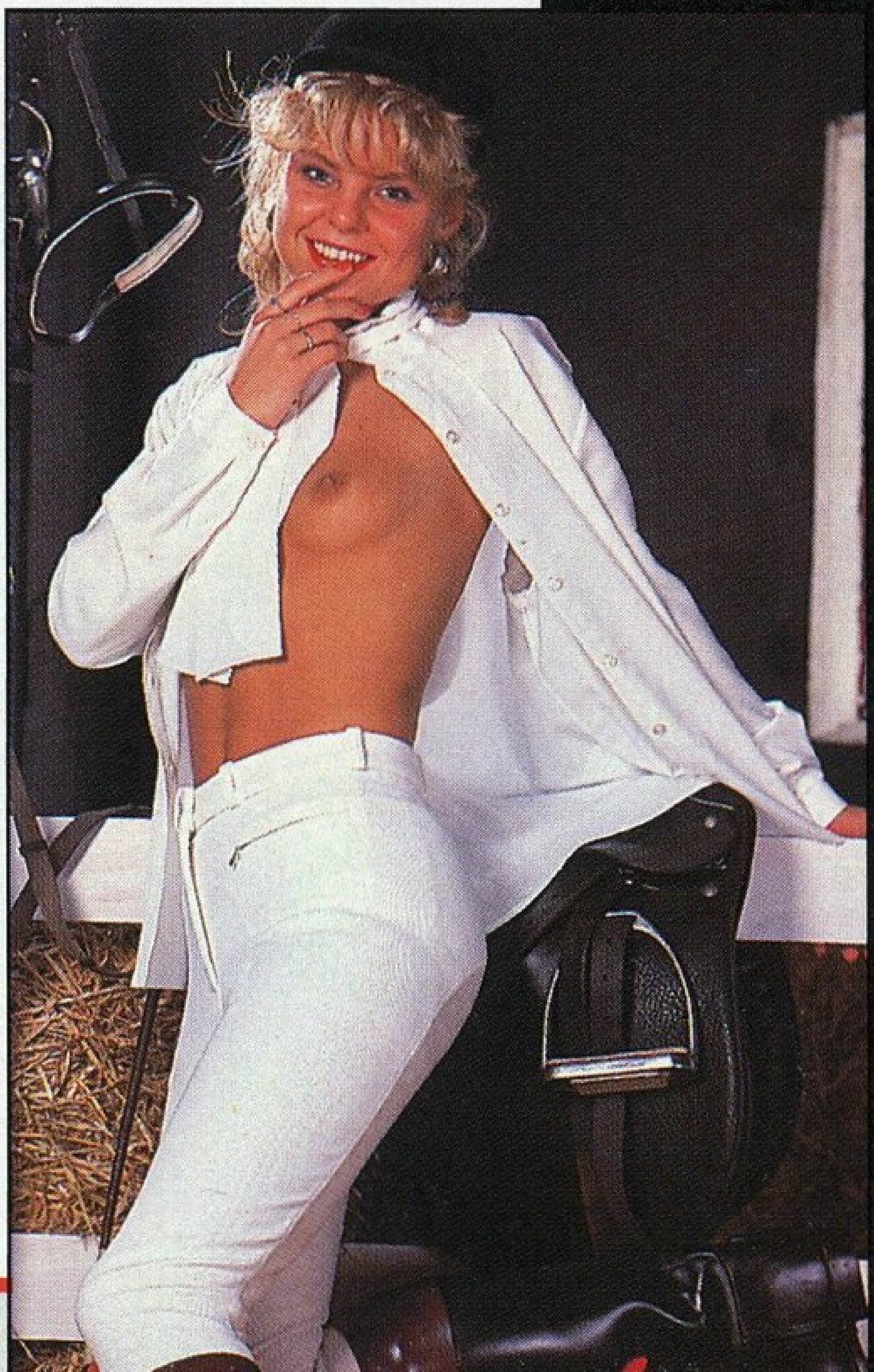


Antonia unseated

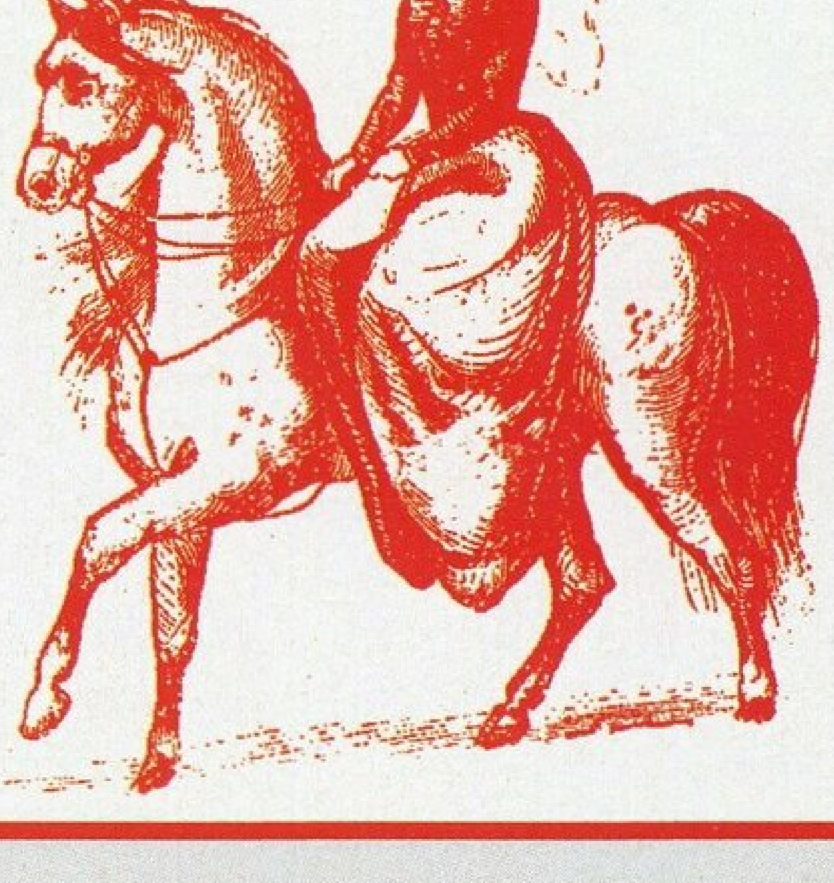
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

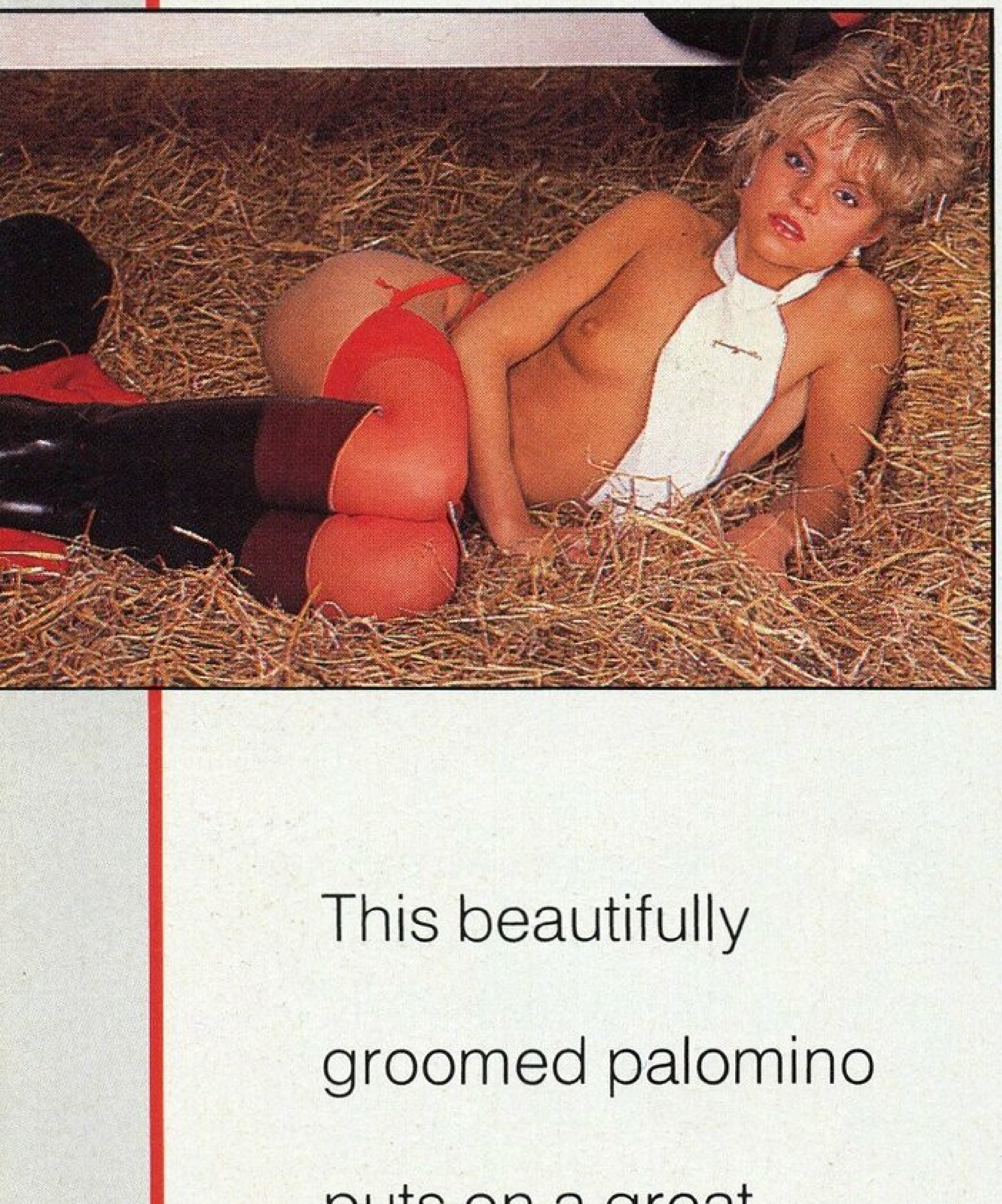
Hello and welcome to the unsaddling enclosure here at the All-comers Show Jumping Festival from Bonkham Hall. You join us just in time to see a very attractive filly, Antonia Burton-Smythe from Dorset, return after a spectacular round of jumps in the arena. She got close to several of the poles but managed to avoid touching them. Then we thought she might take a tumble at the wall, but no, she managed to come away without knocking anything off at all. Jolly good show, Antonia!



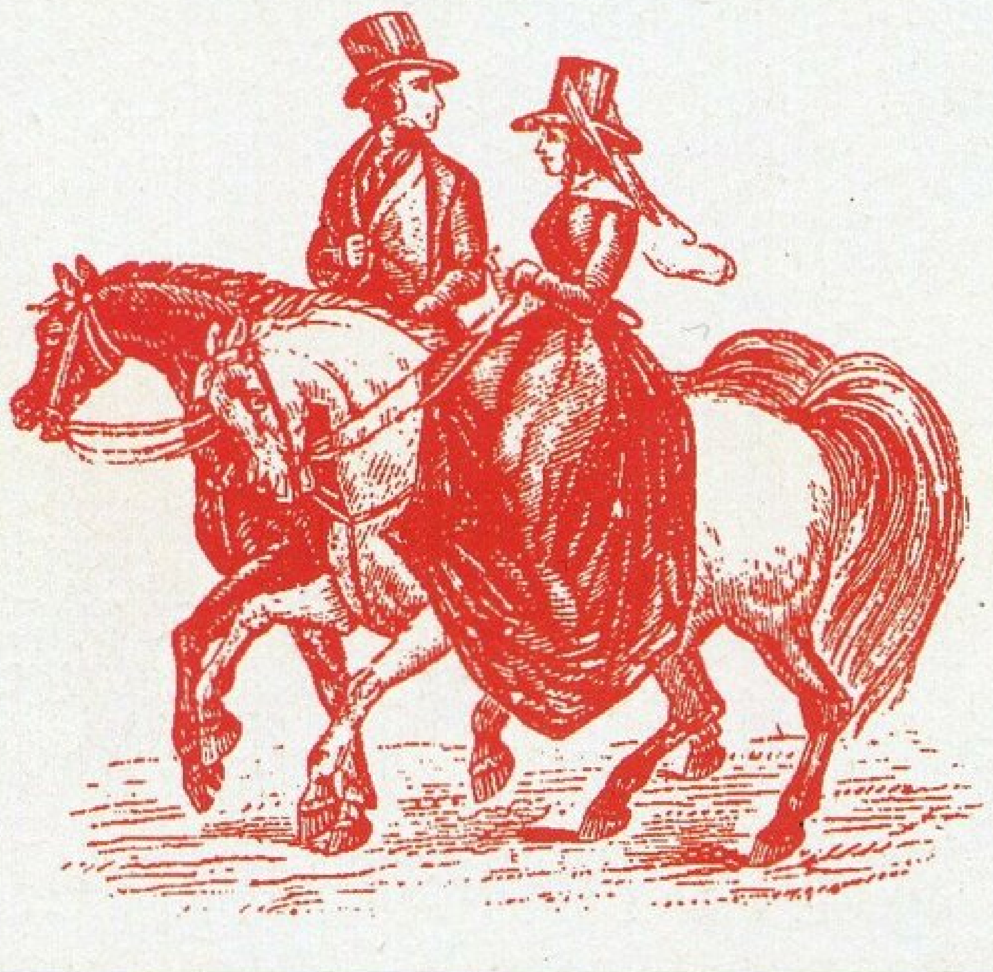


Antonia Burton-Smythe makes her way to the unsaddling enclosure after nearly taking a tumble at the wall





This beautifully
groomed palomino
puts on a great
display — both
bareback and front



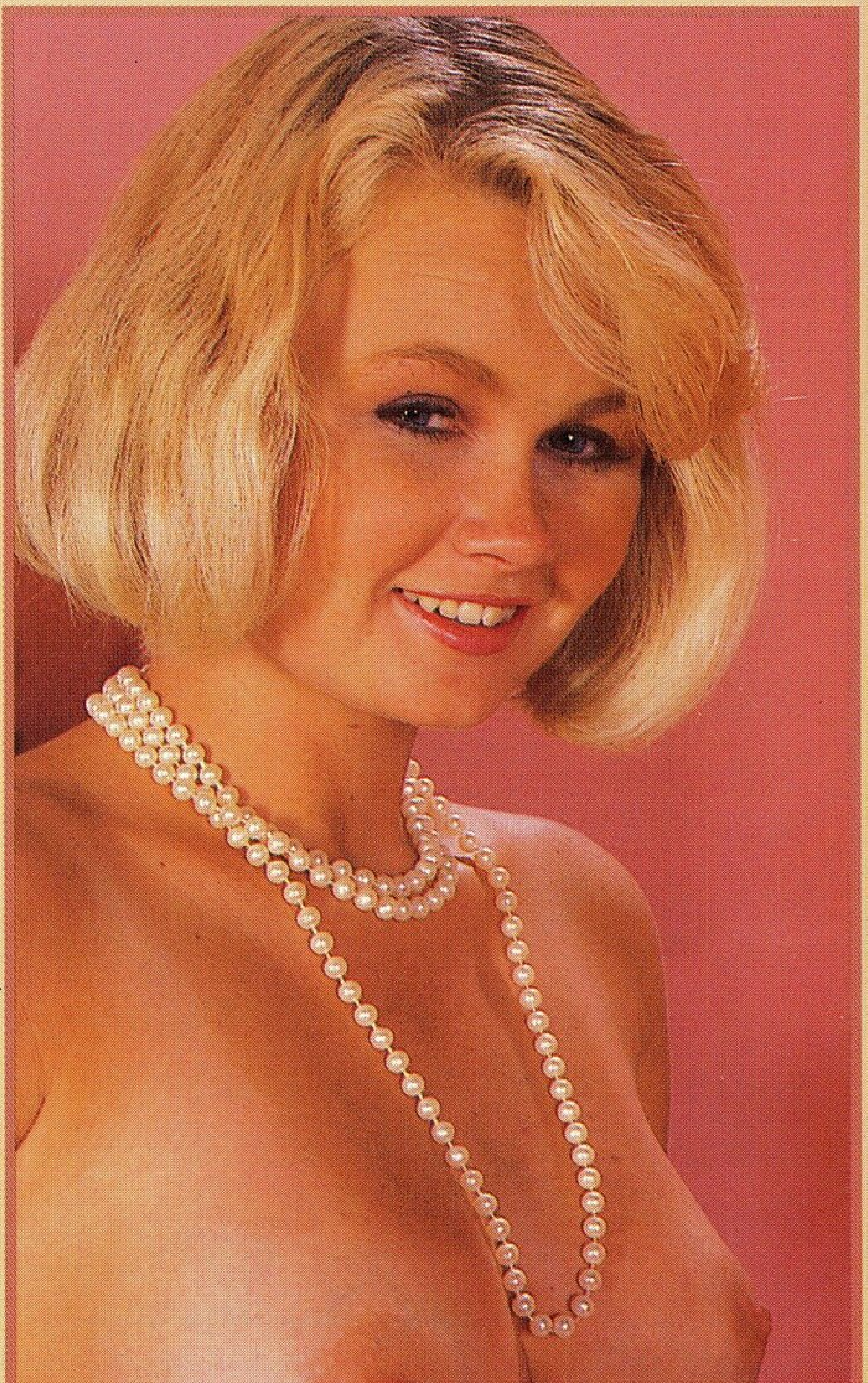
Antonia measures 34 by 23 by 33 hands and is stabled near Dorchester. Now, let's see how she does in the un-dressage. Off comes the blouse, down go the white jodhpurs, and . . . what's this? Stockings and suspenders underneath? Oh dear. Four faults for that, Antonia! Whatever would the West Beaminster Hunt say? But tally ho! Off they go, followed closely by everything else. A fine bareback and front display by this well-groomed palomino. A place in the victor ludorum is assured.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

'I find most men love to be chatted up by a girl'

Wendy

> 'Brass beds fascinate me. I could spend all day in one'

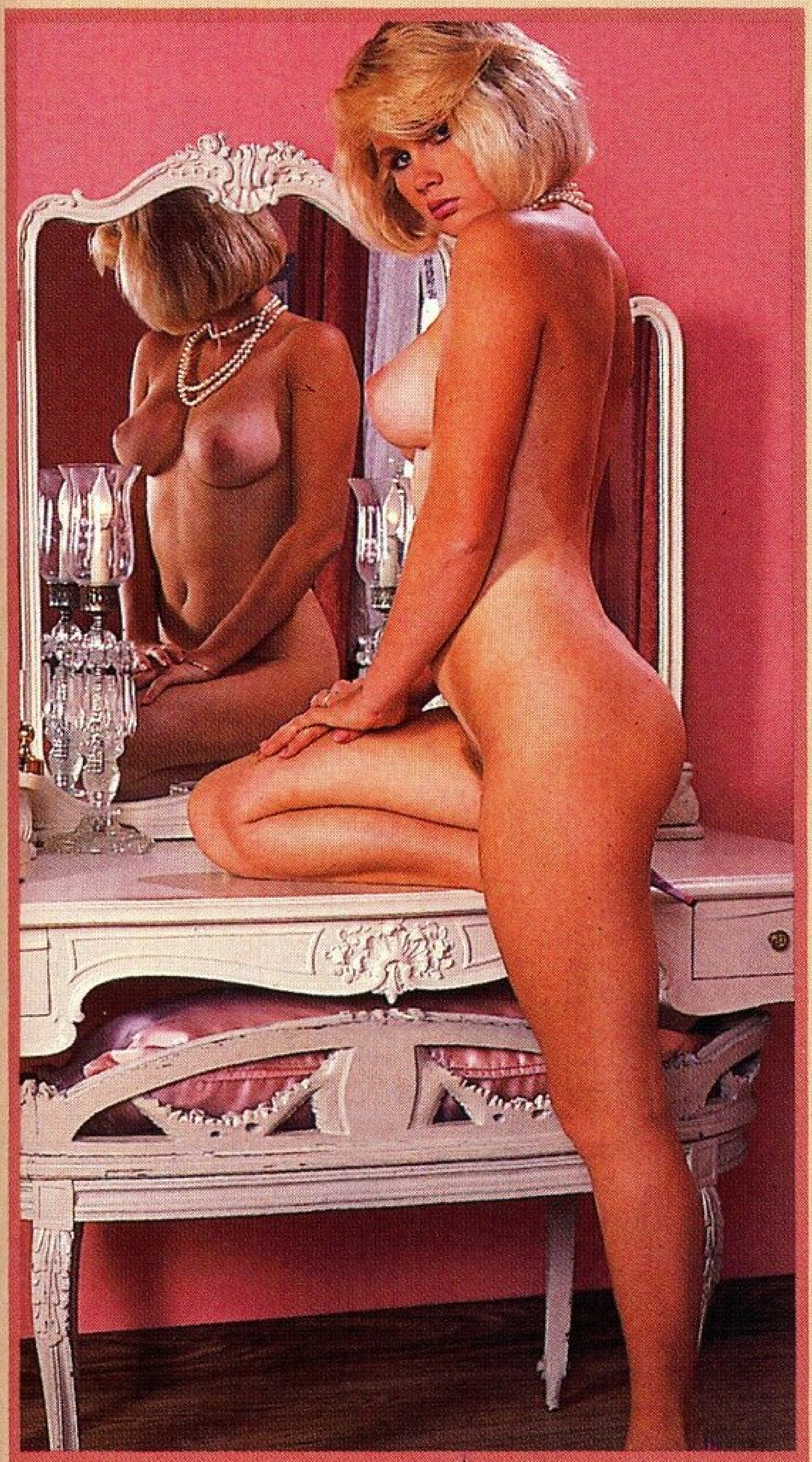


When a blue-eyed blonde with a 36-24-36 inch figure tells you she's 'into beds', you might think the gods were about to smile on you. But hold on. If she happens to be 20-year-old Wendy Barry, she means precisely what she says. Wendy manages a small bedding and soft furnishing shop in a select corner of Kent, but her hobby is collecting and restoring old brass beds. 'They fascinate me,' she says. 'I could spend all day in one. In fact I very often have!'

The bed she sleeps in at home dates from 1885 and was unearthed from a rubbish skip in Canterbury — 'I just happened to be driving past at the right moment. It took me six months to do it up. Now it's the most comfortable bed I know.' But aren't brass beds a trifle noisy for the — let's say — restless sleeper? 'Not if you look after them properly,' says Wendy, 'though a boyfriend and I did get a bit over-excited on it once and it crashed into the wall. Unfortunately beds don't have brakes!'

> 'It's a pity they don't make beds with brakes'

> 'One man asked if I'd test the springs with him'

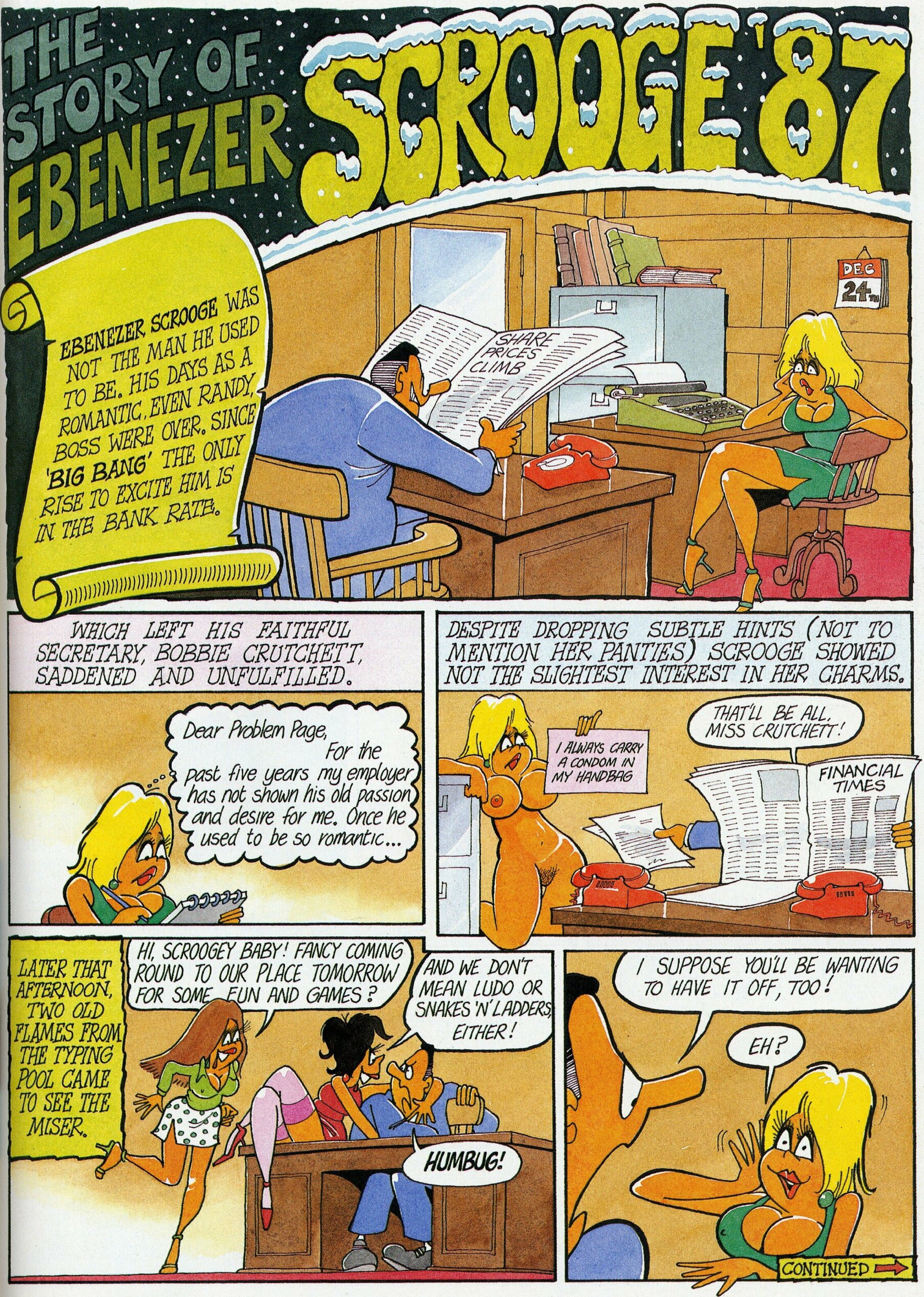


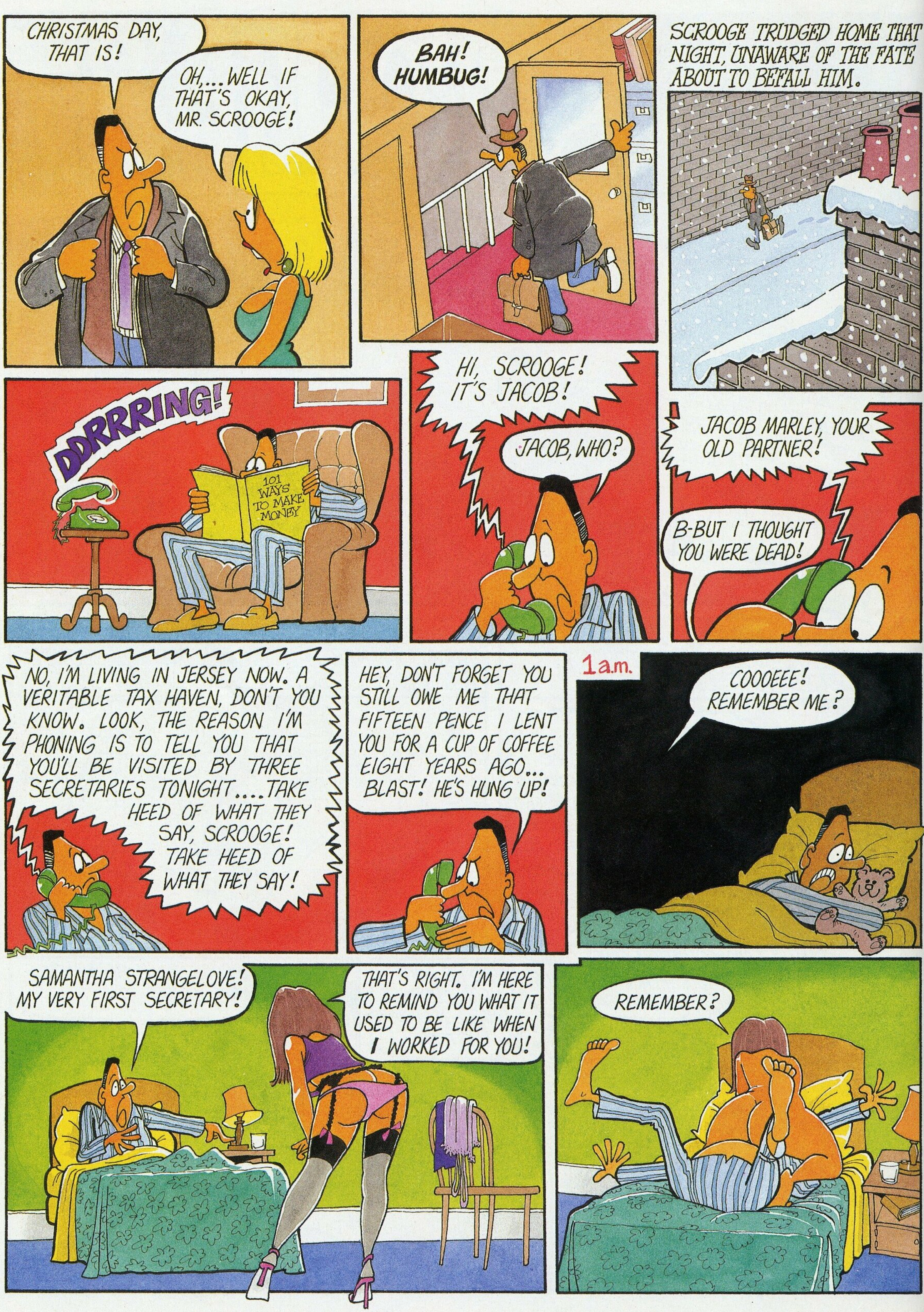
Wendy is an Aries, a forthright sign which, she believes, makes her a born saleswoman. 'Recently a customer asked if he could test the springs of a bed with me, so I jumped straight onto it beside him. He was so delighted he bought it straight away.' She's similarly direct with men. 'I'm useless at getting rid of people, so I always make a bee-line for the most interesting-looking man and start talking. I've had very few complaints. Most men I know love to be chatted up by girls!'

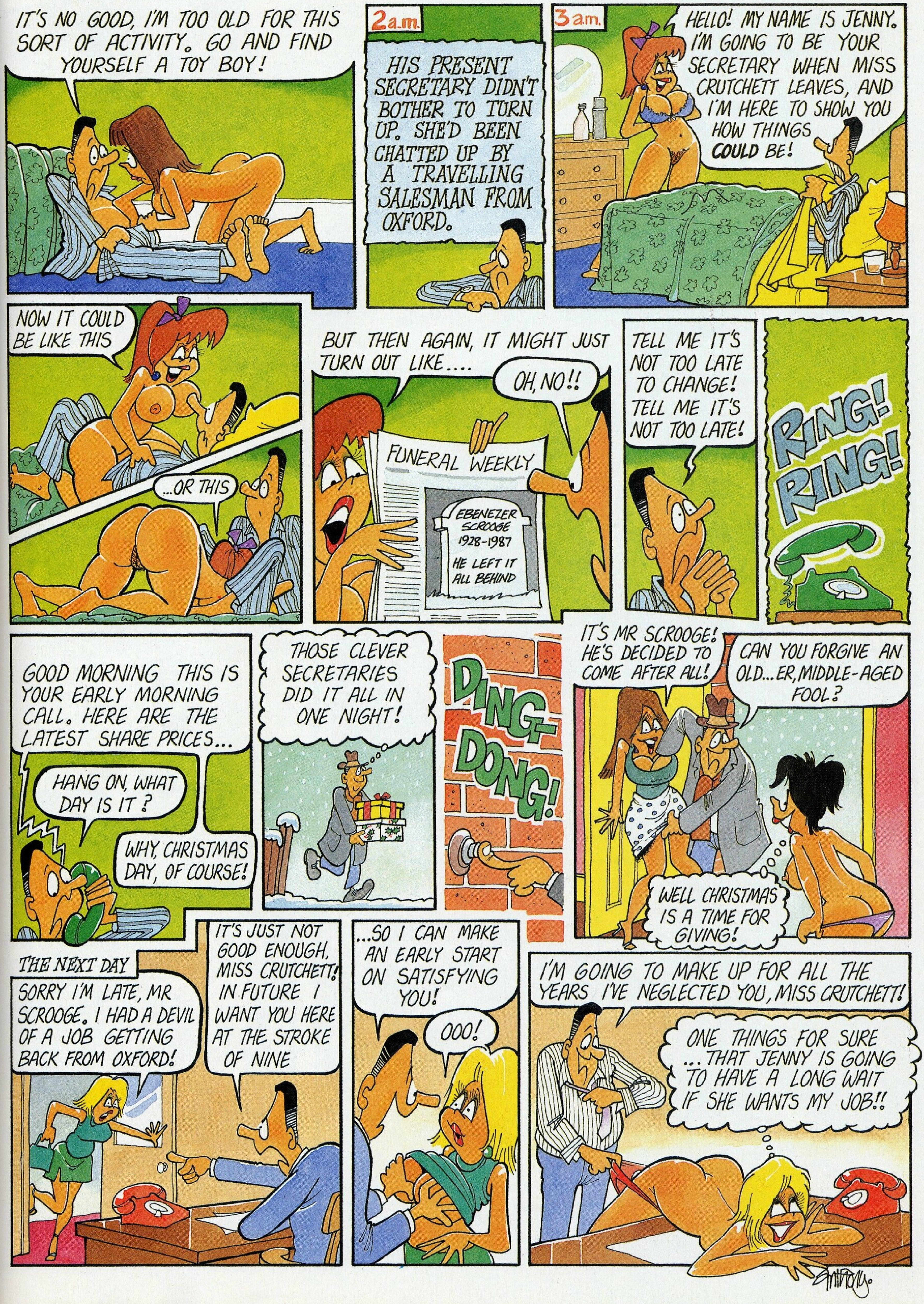
Wendy BARRY

GIRL *of the month*

MAYFAIR


THE STORY OF EBENEZER SCROOGE '87
EBENEZER SCROOGE WAS NOT THE MAN HE USED TO BE. HIS DAYS AS A ROMANTIC, EVEN RANDY, BOSS WERE OVER. SINCE 'BIG BANG' THE ONLY RISE TO EXCITE HIM IS IN THE BANK RATE.
SHARE PRICES CLIMB
DEC 24TH
WHICH LEFT HIS FAITHFUL SECRETARY, BOBBIE CRUTCHETT, SADDENED AND UNFULFILLED.
Dear Problem Page, For the past five years my employer has not shown his old passion and desire for me. Once he used to be so romantic...
DESPITE DROPPING SUBTLE HINTS (NOT TO MENTION HER PANTIES) SCROOGE SHOWED NOT THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN HER CHARMS.
I ALWAYS CARRY A CONDOM IN MY HANDBAG
THAT'LL BE ALL, MISS CRUTCHETT!
FINANCIAL TIMES
LATER THAT AFTERNOON, TWO OLD FLAMES FROM THE TYPING POOL CAME TO SEE THE MISER.
HI, SCROOGEY BABY! FANCY COMING ROUND TO OUR PLACE TOMORROW FOR SOME FUN AND GAMES?
AND WE DON'T MEAN LUDO OR SNAKES 'N' LADDERS, EITHER!
HUMBUG!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE WANTING TO HAVE IT OFF, TOO!
EH?
CONTINUED


CHRISTMAS DAY, THAT IS!
OH,... WELL IF THAT'S OKAY, MR. SCROOGE!
BAH! HUMBUG!
SCROOGE TRUDGED HOME THAT NIGHT, UNAWARE OF THE FATE ABOUT TO BEFALL HIM.
DDRRRING!
101 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY
HI, SCROOGE! IT'S JACOB!
JACOB, WHO?
JACOB MARLEY, YOUR OLD PARTNER!
B-BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
NO, I'M LIVING IN JERSEY NOW. A VERITABLE TAX HAVEN, DON'T YOU KNOW. LOOK, THE REASON I'M PHONING IS TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'LL BE VISITED BY THREE SECRETARIES TONIGHT.... TAKE HEED OF WHAT THEY SAY, SCROOGE! TAKE HEED OF WHAT THEY SAY!
HEY, DON'T FORGET YOU STILL OWE ME THAT FIFTEEN PENCE I LENT YOU FOR A CUP OF COFFEE EIGHT YEARS AGO... BLAST! HE'S HUNG UP!
1 a.m.
COOOEEE! REMEMBER ME?
SAMANTHA STRANGELOVE! MY VERY FIRST SECRETARY!
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M HERE TO REMIND YOU WHAT IT USED TO BE LIKE WHEN I WORKED FOR YOU!
REMEMBER?

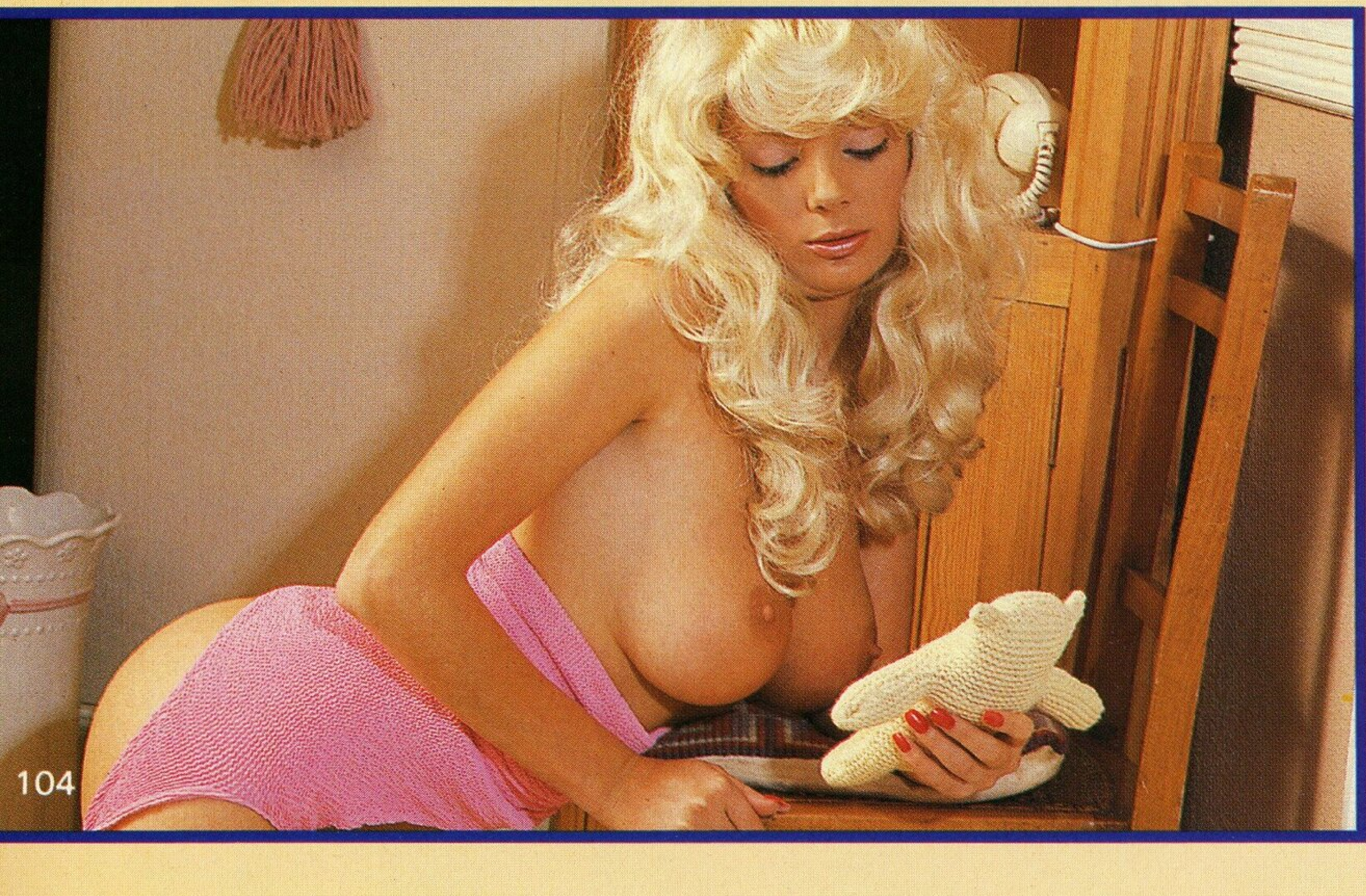

IT'S NO GOOD, I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS SORT OF ACTIVITY. GO AND FIND YOURSELF A TOY BOY!
2 a.m.
HIS PRESENT SECRETARY DIDN'T BOTHER TO TURN UP. SHE'D BEEN CHATTED UP BY A TRAVELLING SALESMAN FROM OXFORD.
3 a.m.
HELLO! MY NAME IS JENNY. I'M GOING TO BE YOUR SECRETARY WHEN MISS CRUTCHETT LEAVES, AND I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU HOW THINGS **COULD** BE!
NOW IT COULD BE LIKE THIS
...OR THIS
BUT THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT JUST TURN OUT LIKE....
OH, NO!!
FUNERAL WEEKLY
EBENEZER SCROOGE 1928-1987 HE LEFT IT ALL BEHIND
TELL ME IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE! TELL ME IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
RING! RING!
GOOD MORNING THIS IS YOUR EARLY MORNING CALL. HERE ARE THE LATEST SHARE PRICES...
HANG ON, WHAT DAY IS IT?
WHY, CHRISTMAS DAY, OF COURSE!
THOSE CLEVER SECRETARIES DID IT ALL IN ONE NIGHT!
DING-DONG!
IT'S MR SCROOGE! HE'S DECIDED TO COME AFTER ALL!
CAN YOU FORGIVE AN OLD...ER, MIDDLE-AGED FOOL?
WELL CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR GIVING!
THE NEXT DAY
SORRY I'M LATE, MR SCROOGE. I HAD A DEVIL OF A JOB GETTING BACK FROM OXFORD!
IT'S JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH, MISS CRUTCHETT! IN FUTURE I WANT YOU HERE AT THE STROKE OF NINE
...SO I CAN MAKE AN EARLY START ON SATISFYING YOU!
OOO!
I'M GOING TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THE YEARS I'VE NEGLECTED YOU, MISS CRUTCHETT!
ONE THINGS FOR SURE ...THAT JENNY IS GOING TO HAVE A LONG WAIT IF SHE WANTS MY JOB!!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

BERNADETTE

It's many a man's dream to be invited home by an attractive woman. But then, as *Mayfair* discovered, 24-year-old Bernadette is no ordinary girl and this no ordinary flat.

'I've always been a bit of an entrepeneur,' admitted Berni (as her friends call her). 'Ever since I was at school I was always looking for ways to make money.' Her past ventures include lunch-time biscuit vending, clothes valeting and a rent-a-guard dog service, all instigated in her home town of Bournemouth.



She now operates as a canine beautician and very successfully too. Hence the new flat. 'It wasn't actually that expensive,' explained Berni, 'but I could see its potential. It's so light and airy. I spent a couple of months doing it up, and the rest is just my taste in stripped pine and colourful weaves. It's lovely isn't it. A rather sound investment I'd say.'

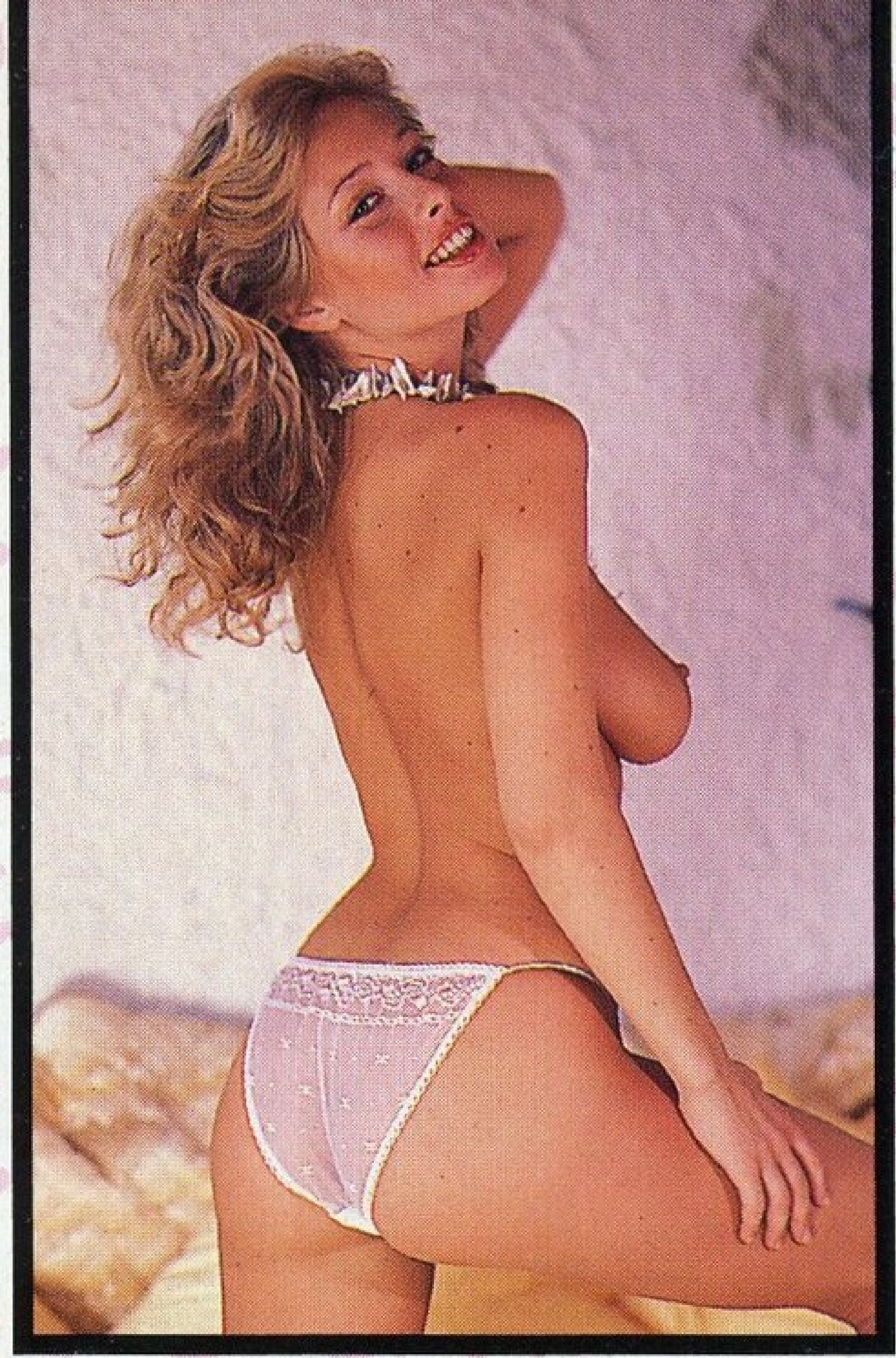
To celebrate moving Berni invited *Mayfair* round to show off her 'sound investment' and also her fabulous 36-24-36 figure.

We were impressed and thought you might like to see the details. Our surveyor says that everything's structurally sound and highly desirable. But Bernadette has one point to add. 'Viewing is very definitely by private appointment only.' Join the queue, gentlemen.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

MARINA

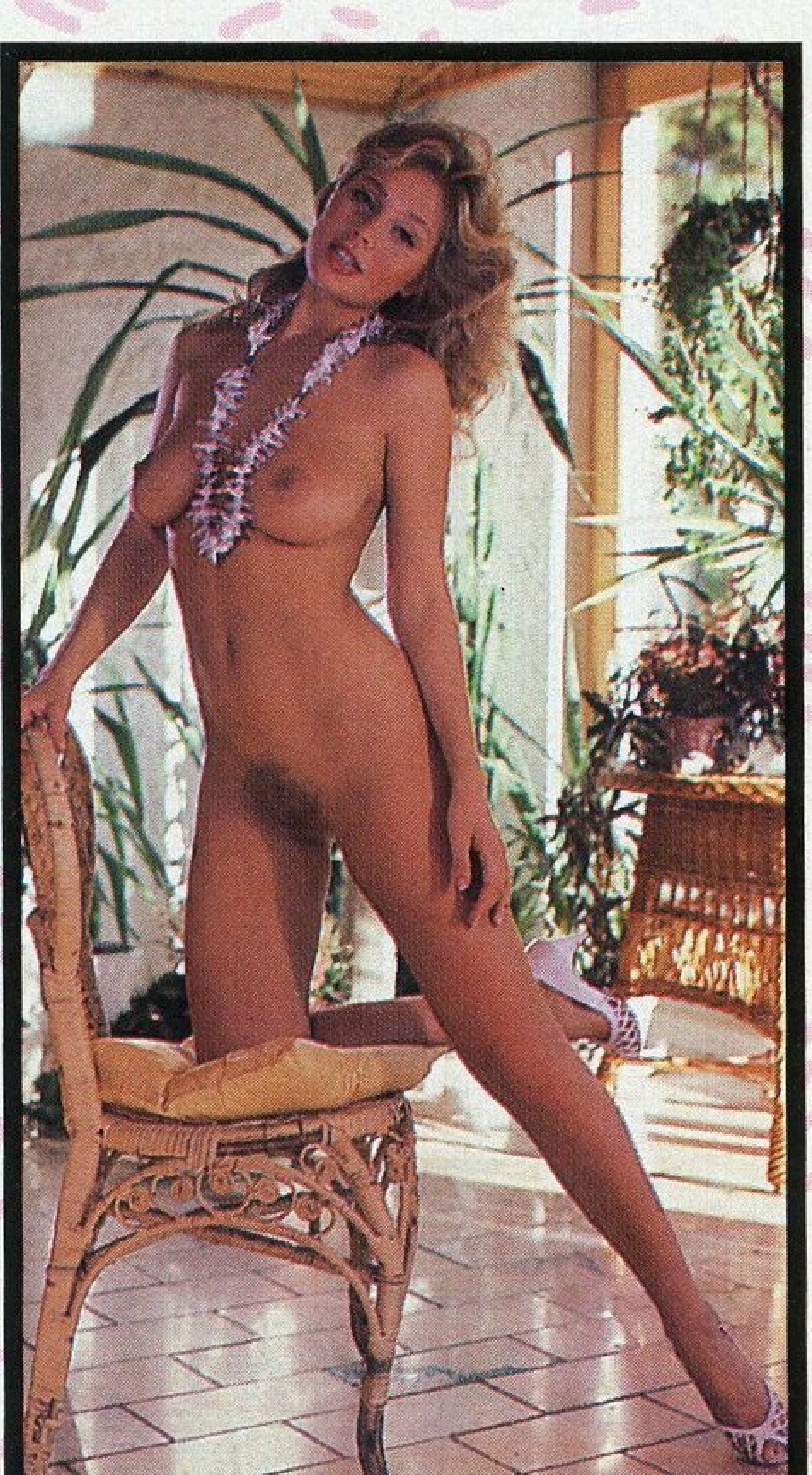
[redacted]



If this inviting smile, fresh-faced look and 36-26-36 body provoke a sense of *deja vu*, then it's hardly surprising. Two years ago Marina was charming the pants off *Mayfair* readers from the very cover of the magazine. Even then she was no stranger to us prompting a regular wave of fan mail demanding repeat appearances.

[redacted]

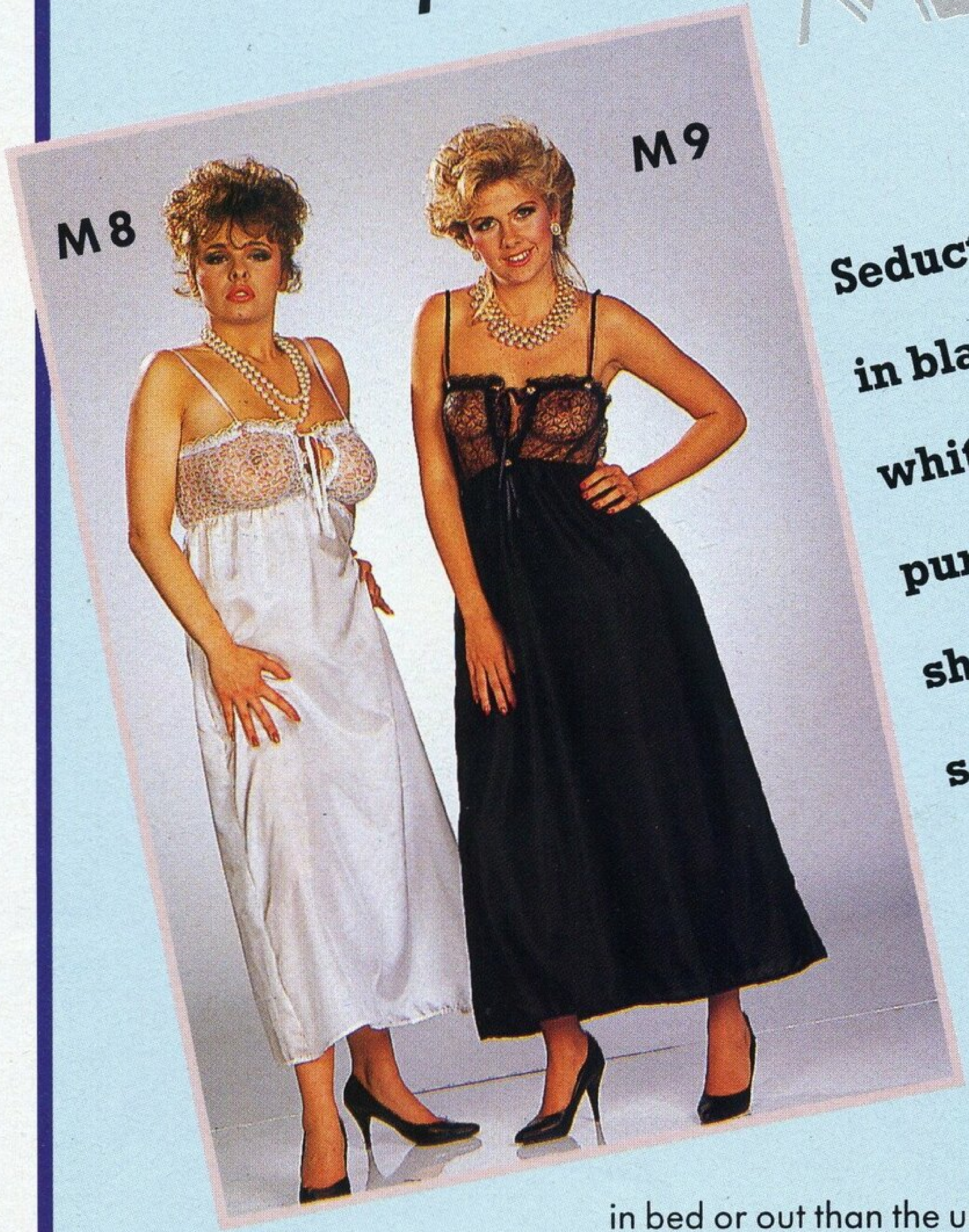
As our mailbag continued to bulge, we set about tracking her down. Our task was not made any easier by Marina's passion for travelling. After much correspondence, numerous phone-calls and, finally a trek across a continent, we eventually caught up with her on the Ivory Coast.



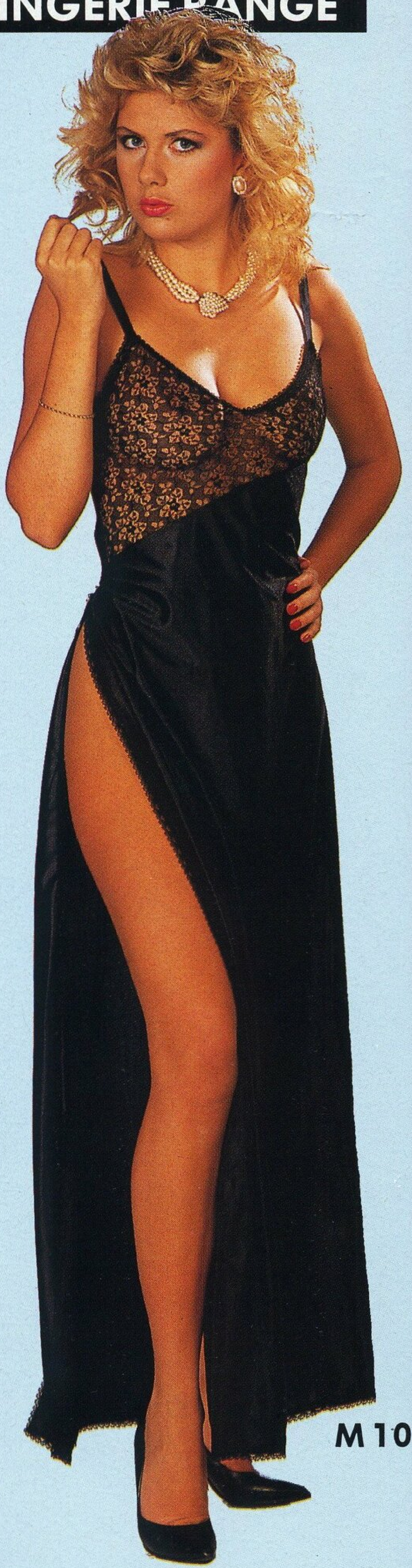
Marina, now 24, was pleased to see us. 'I was a bit lonely out here,' she admitted. As part of her ambition to become a vet, she had been travelling around Africa observing the wildlife and when we showed her some of our readers' letters she came over all nostalgic. 'I'd love to do another session for you,' she offered. And who are we to refuse an offer like that?

MORE FROM THE GREAT NEW MAYFAIR LINGERIE RANGE

A LITTLE NIGHT MAGIC



Seductive nightwear
in black or
white
pure silk and
shiny black
satin-look nylon



Nothing looks more alluring in bed or out than the unmistakeable sheen of silk and satin. Our pure silk nightgowns in wicked black or innocent white hug her figure all the way down from the delicate lace-trimmed neckline. Luxurious silk is as sensuous to wear as it is to touch, yet this form of subtle seduction costs just £29.95. Or for those who dare to wear one, how about our black satin-look number? It's slit to the waist to show off those shapely legs, and the price slashed to only £22.95

ORDER FORM

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine,
95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . white silk nightgowns (item M8) price £29.95. One size only

Qty . . . . . black silk nightgowns (item M9) price £29.95. One size only

Qty . . . . . black satin-look nylon nightgown (item M10) price £22.95. One size only

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME. RING CREDIT CARD SALES, on 01 242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm).

Delivery for Christmas cannot be guaranteed on overseas orders received after Dec 11 or inland orders after Dec 16.

I enclose cheque/postal order for £. . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M22/12

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

PART OF MAYFAIR'S EXCITING NEW LINGERIE RANGE

Suspendered ANIMATION

Join the suspender set for only £11.95

Few sounds can be more inviting than the slap of a taut suspender against a bare thigh. It's guaranteed to spur even the most apathetic of us into action. So why don't you join in the fun by buying the lady in your life one of our range of cami-suspender outfits? Our most daring is the black lacy plunge-front model, but there's also a blue lacy tie-front and a pretty pink one for the perfect mix of sauciness and subtlety . . .

ORDER FORM

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . black cami-suspender (item M17). Price £11.95. (Sizes small/med, med/large)

Qty . . . . . blue cami-suspender (item M18). Price £11.95 (Sizes small/med, med/large)

Qty . . . . . pink cami-suspender (item M19) Price £11.95 (Sizes small/med, med/large)

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME. RING CREDIT CARD SALES, on 01 242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm).

I enclose cheque/postal order for £. . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M22/12

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

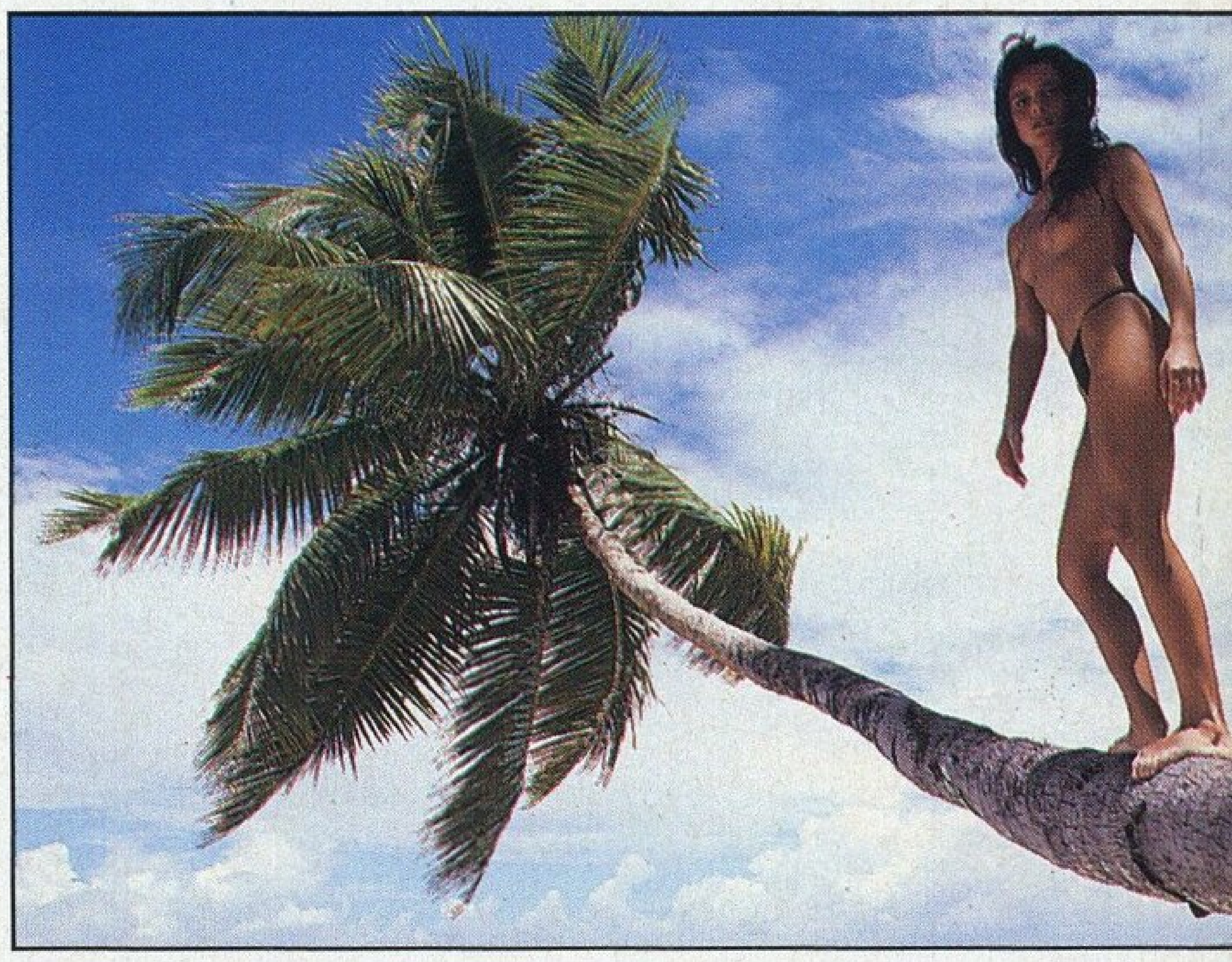
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

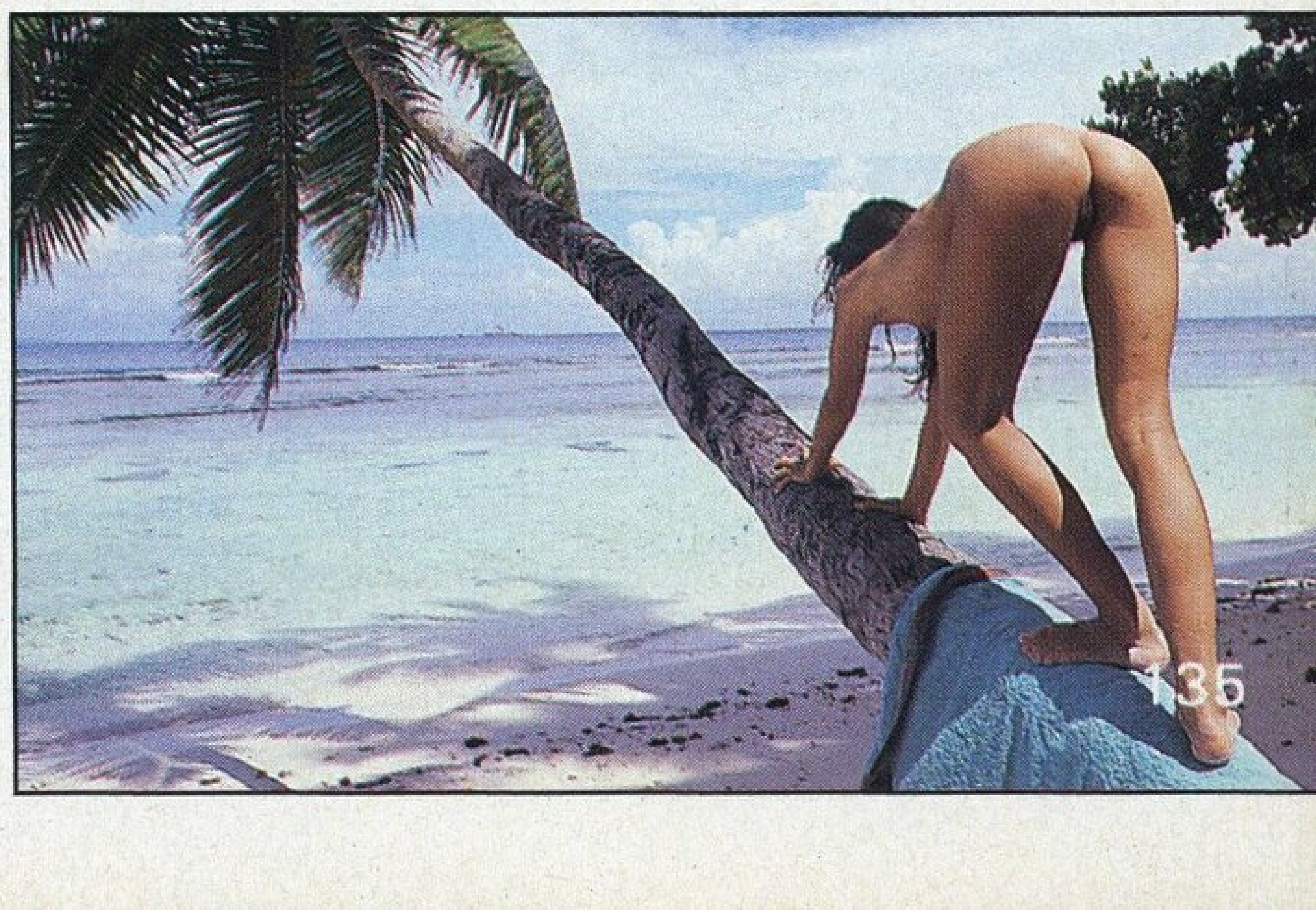
J o a n n e

Scouring the equatorial horizon for friendly topsails is the favourite fantasy of 21-year-old, 34-22-34 Joanne Turley, now satisfied — in part — courtesy of *Mayfair*.

'It's not so much spotting the sails,' explains this 5 feet 4 inch trainee accountant from south London, 'it's the sailors who come with them! I've seen *Mutiny on the Bounty* dozens of times — all the versions — and I'd love to be one of the dusky maidens in grass skirts who rush into the sea to greet Captain Bligh and his crew, and then run straight off to the bushes with them for a proper welcome! Of course, it would help if one was a dishy officer like Mel Gibson.'

Unfortunately *Mayfair's* John Patrick Burgess couldn't quite arrange for Mr Gibson to appear, but he did manage a sun-kissed equatorial paradise — the Seychelles, to be precise, where he whisked Joanne for a photographic shoot. 'It's a very slow, friendly place, and really quite tiny,' she says. 'The main town was smaller than Putney, where I live at home. But the scenery was idyllic: literally hundreds of deserted beaches where you could do exactly what you liked.'





Like wandering about nude? 'Oh yes,' she enthuses. 'It felt completely natural there. Normally I'm quite self-conscious — I don't even like going topless in Spain. I'd like just one more inch around my top — I'm not greedy! Most of my boyfriends have been legs and bottom men. The last one thought I ought to have a special dispensation for walking around with my bottom poking out of my jeans — just to get my own back on girls who have big boobs. Well, I hope he's satisfied now!'

Seventh Wonder of the World

***Best of Mayfair No 7*, the latest of the world's highest selling collector's issues, is now available. Inside you'll find chart-topper Mel Appleby, stars that stripped for the cinema plus our finest features, fiction and fun.**

Don't forget

Best of Mayfair Nos 6, 5, 4 and 3 are still available

ORDER FORM

Please send me:

. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 7* (£2.90 inc p&p)
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 6* (£2.65 inc p&p)
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 5* (£2.65 inc p&p)
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 4* (£2.50 inc p&p)
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 3* (£2.25 inc p&p)

Please make cheques payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a, Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

M22/12

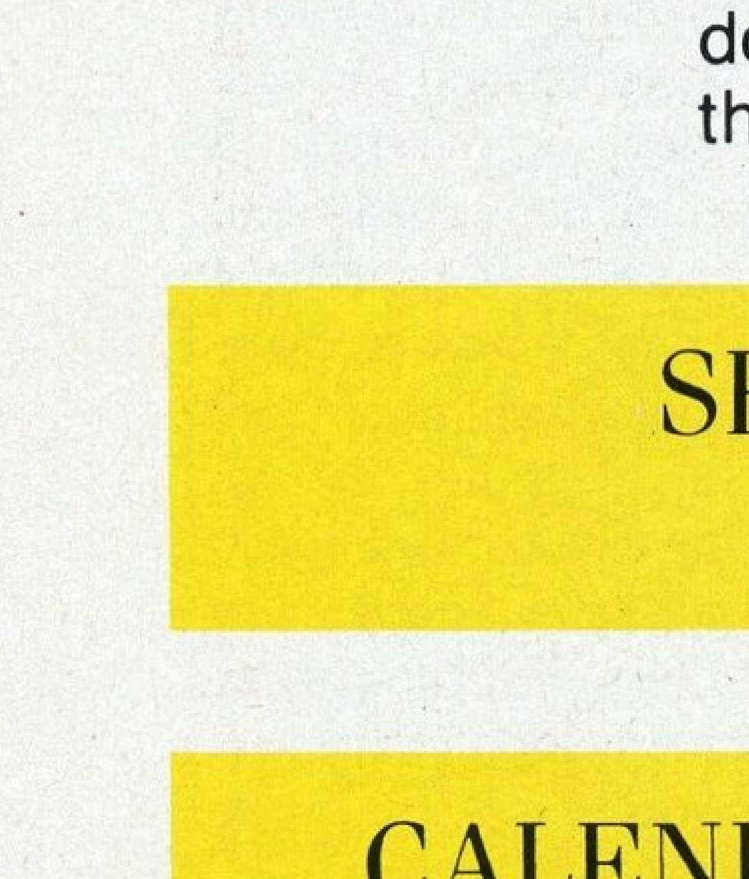
Mayfair's 1988 calendar and diary

LOOKING GREAT FOR '88

Now here's your chance of getting our brand new full-colour *Mayfair* calendar for 1988, featuring a dozen of our most gorgeous girls — a new one every month! And at just £2.25 including postage and packing, no wonder ours is Britain's top-selling glamour calendar. Or keep our ladies with you in the full-colour 1988 *Mayfair* diary for only £2. So don't delay, send off the coupon now!

SPECIAL DOUBLE OFFER

CALENDAR *PLUS* DIARY — ONLY £3.95



Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me:

. . . 1988 *Mayfair* Calendars at £2.25 each . . . 1988 *Mayfair* Diaries at £2 each
. . . Special sets of 1988 Calendar and Diary at only £3.95 per set

Name M22/12
Address . . . .
I enclose a cheque/P.O. for £ . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd.
(For U.S. prices are: Cal $4; Diary $3; Set $6) Delivery for Christmas cannot be guaranteed on overseas orders received after Dec 11 or inland orders after Dec 16.

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, then photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

It's Christmas, and outside it's snowing.
And the boys and girls faces are glowing.
But please spare a thought
For the snowman distraut,
It's probably his balls they're throwing.

Last Christmas a little lad caught his sister making love to a strange man in the bushes. The man was evidently shocked and promised the boy that he could have anything he liked from the local toy shop as a present if he kept quiet about what he'd seen. The boy agreed and immediately chose the most expensive train set he could find.

The next day, the little boy put his train set up in the bedroom. Then his father walked in.

'Where did you get the money for something like that?' he demanded.

'A man gave it to me,' replied the boy innocently. His father didn't believe him and was furious.

'You're lying. Now go to confessional and tell the Father I've sent you for telling lies.' Rather upset, the boy went to the church and sat in the confessional box.

'What are you here for?' asked the priest;

'My father has sent me for telling lies,' sobbed the little boy.

'Thank God for that,' replied the Father.'

'I though you wanted me to fork out for another engine for that train set.'

What's the definition of an erection?
It's when your blood pressure goes all to cock.

A woman who had outlived no less than eight husbands finally died, alone. Old friends and enemies alike gathered at the graveside and consoled or bitched with each other, as is so often the way.

'Oh well, at last they'll be together again,' sighed one of the departed's lady friends.

'Yes,' replied a childhood friend with a sob, 'but which husband?'

'No, silly,' said the snide friend, 'I meant her legs.'

Why don't women make good mechanics? Because men have the tools, and all they have is a little box to keep screws in.

Two Geordies decided to celebrate the festive season by taking a trip to Soho. After a few pints of what they thought to be rather inferior beer, one turned to the other.

'Aye, I could do wi' getting me leg owah, like,' he said. So they started looking around for prostitutes. Soon they found one they fancied, and asked how much she charged.

'Five pounds,' she replied.

'Five poond, tha's a bit steep, lass. I wanna see wha' ahm getting for me money first, then,' said the impoverished Tynesider. So the girl dropped her panties to reveal a neat little pussy.

'My, that's a canny 'un,' said the Geordie. The prostitute slapped his face.

'What do you mean?' she shouted angrily.

'I don't know about where you come from, pal, but down here a canyon is something cowboys ride their horses through!'

One of our models confided in us that she is a foot fetishist. However when she gets really desperate, she's prepared to settle for eight or nine inches.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

An Englishmen was driving through Italy when he stopped for an attractive girl hitch-hiker. Then suddenly, a young man carrying a gun jumped out from the bushes.

'Get out of the car,' he ordered, waving the gun in the Englishman's face. The traveller was so scared he was prepared to comply with anything.

'Now, jerk yourself off,' demanded the gunman. Again the Englishmen complied, shooting his load into the gutter. Almost as soon as he had finished the gunman demanded that he jerk himself off again. The Englishman had no choice but to do as the man told him.

When he had finished, the gunman repeated his order again and again, until the English traveller could hardly manage. In fact, by the fifth order, the Englishman was as limp as a wet rag. The gunman smiled.

'Okay,' he said. 'Now you can give my sister a lift to Rome.'

Two tribesmen were depressed over the introduction of recent laws forbidding cannibalism. They were strolling through the jungle hungrily when they came across an abandoned archeological dig. The first thing they noticed was a pile of old copies of *Mayfair* left by the departing scientists, and a tribesman eating the pages.

'What are you doing?' asked the visitors.

'Try it,' said the tribesman with his mouth full of our centre girl. 'This dehydrated stuff isn't bad.'

Little Johnny was annoying all the lady guests at the Christmas party by lifting their skirts and trying to put his face in their panties. Finally his sister got her own back when he tried it on her. She gave him a good clit round the ear.

THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

People are more open today about their sexual needs than ever before. But there are some aspects to arousal that even the most liberated keep within the confines of the bedroom. It may be a liking for one particular piece of clothing, an unusual position, or an entire sexual situation. This month Quest examines the secret side of sexuality

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 33 years
Town of Origin.... Bracknell
Other details.... This interviewee has worked as a legal secretary since her late teens. She married at the age of 25.

Quest: Were you aware of your boss's sexual predilections before you had your affair with him?

Secretary: Before I became his secretary I knew he was supposed to be a bit of an old goat. But he was a senior partner, and it was a big practice, so the ordinary office staff really didn't see much of him. When I was working for a junior partner, I used to see some of the women he took out waiting in reception. They were always stunning, very sophisticated. That's why I never dreamed he'd be interested in me.

Quest: So those rumours didn't include having his secretary take dictation in the nude?

Secretary: No! Or topless, or knickerless, so he could have a quickie at lunchtime if the mood took him! I don't know whether it was just me awakening all these little kinks, or whether it was a matter of convenience, but we never had sex outside the office. What turned him on the most was doing it and knowing there was only a thin panel door between him and the rest of the office. In fact, my office was right next door, but there were several occasions when he had a client waiting in there and he'd insist on a quick fondle. A couple of times he wanted the whole thing.

Quest: You mean full sexual intercourse?

Secretary: Oh yes! Face down on his desk with my skirt over my ears, randy Richard bumping away behind me with his trousers round his

QUEST

ankles. Can you imagine being the unruffled, efficient secretary two minutes after you've being doing that!

Quest: Were you never detected?

Secretary: Not red-handed. Oh, everybody knew *something* was going on. You can't keep secrets in an office. I think they assumed we were having a quiet kiss and cuddle. I don't think they realised we were actually screwing — whenever we could! Richard was a very attractive man, but he was in his late fifties, and quite intimidating until you got to know him.

Quest: Presumably you were happy to conduct the affair in the way he wanted?

Secretary: I never thought of it as an *affair* I was never in love with him. It sounds so petty, but I was just bored with Colin, my husband. I knew he was working very hard, but our sex life had dwindled almost to nothing. OK, things aren't going to be the same after seven years of marriage, but you shouldn't just give up. I missed sex being exciting — illicit. Richard offered that.

Quest: How did he offer it?

Secretary: I suppose fairly obviously. It just never occurred to me it was deliberate. We had a lot of extra work on, and he asked me to come into the office a few Saturday mornings. It was quite pleasant being alone in the office with Richard. He was a lot more informal than he usually was. A couple of times we worked into the afternoon, and he brought me lunch in the restaurant next door. He could be very entertaining. Several times I remember thinking, 'He's treating me like a girlfriend, not a secretary'.

Quest: When did you know he was serious?

Secretary: He put his hand up my skirt. It literally was as obvious as that! He'd asked me to get some old case studies off the top shelf in his office — they were high enough to need a ladder. He was pointing out the volume he wanted, and holding the ladder steady for me. It was in this ludicrously awkward spot, and I had to keep stretching higher and higher. Richard said, 'It's alright, I've got you.' And I suddenly felt his hand against my leg — the *inside* of my leg. A good two or three inches above the knee, too! Then his other hand came round the front of my leg, and as I went on stretching, he moved both hands upwards. He *was* supporting me — I was actually quite frightened of falling — but by the time I'd got to the book his hand was virtually at my crotch. I could feel his knuckle just brushing the gusset of my tights.

Quest: How did you react?

Secretary: I didn't at first — not that I showed, anyway. People do grab you in odd places by accident, but it just went on that bit too long. Even then I thought that he hadn't realised what he was doing. A fellow like Richard probably didn't see secretaries as real women. So I said, 'I really don't think you should touch me there.' And he didn't move! Instead he said, 'Why, what's the matter?' I almost laughed. 'Your hand! I *am* a married woman.' Then he seemed to start, and said, 'Oh sorry,' and began to help me down. By the time I got to the floor I was feeling quite contrite — I even started to apologise, when he grinned at me and said, 'I'd have thought an attractive woman like you would be used to men trying to touch you up. You didn't mind, did you?' It was like a bombshell!

Quest: Why do you say that?

Secretary: From staid, respectable Richard? It couldn't have been more surprising if he'd suddenly whipped his willy out and waved it at me! It threw me completely, which is presumably what he intended. I said, 'You don't find me attractive.' 'Actually', he said, 'I think you're the most attractive woman in the place — I've been meaning to tell you for some time.' This was really too much for me — all I knew was that I wasn't coping, so I panicked and blurted, 'You know I've never been unfaithful to my husband!' Richard just laughed. 'That's alright,' he said, 'I just want you to be yourself.' And he bent down and kissed me. Even now I don't know if the whole situation had been set up by him from the very start, or he just happened to catch me at the most vulnerable moment.

Quest: You assumed you would have intercourse?

> **He wanted the whole thing. I was face down on his desk with my skirt over my ears**

Secretary: Yes. I suppose I could have kept him at bay with petting, or cuddles — knowing Richard I doubt it! But, having said that, he wasn't going to back away. So at 11.30 on a Saturday morning, after about two minutes of seduction, I found myself taking my clothes off with my boss in the middle of my office.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Secretary: We did it on the carpet in front of his desk. He actually slipped a cushion under my bottom before he climbed on top of me. He had quite a nice body, too, and I even had a quiet little orgasm — mainly, I think, because he was a lot slower than Colin usually was. It wasn't earth-shaking, it was just nice. That sounds so damning — it isn't, because I realised at once how much I needed someone like him. When I left Richard said, 'About your knickers. It seems hardly worth the bother of putting them on just for the office.'

Quest: That was a hint?

Secretary: Of course — he really was an appalling old lecher! But I didn't realise how serious he was until the following Monday. I went in, wondering if things would have changed. He gave no sign that they had, so we just got on with the usual dictation. Halfway through he said, 'I see you're still wearing them.' God knows how he knew — *if* he did. I had on a dark pleated skirt, it was hardly clinging. I just laughed and said I wasn't going around the office without my knickers on. 'Why not?' he said. 'I won't tell anyone if you won't.' Then, minutes later, there was a knock on the door, and that's when I found out what Richard was really up to.

Quest: How?

Secretary: He told me to see who it was, and get rid of them because he wanted to clear his mail early that day. It was in fact one of the conveyancing clerks who'd got the answers to some problem Richard wanted solved. Richard called out, 'Give Jenny (name changed) the details, will you?' And this young clerk launched into the most convoluted explanation, which meant nothing to me. Then all of a sudden I felt someone touch me from behind.

Quest: Where exactly were you standing?

Secretary: I had the office door open a foot or two, no more — I'd literally just poked my head out. I felt my dress being lifted, the top of my knickers pulled back, and then this big, warm hand sliding, palm down, round the curve of my bottom. God knows what my face looked like! But there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. And then I felt a single finger begin very gently to move down the crack of my bottom, closer and closer to my pussy. I've no idea how I kept still. In the end I was slowly closing the door on this poor clerk, gabbling away, 'Yes, yes, I think I've got it — thank you very much — we're actually very tied up —' Then, just as Richard's finger slid over my lips, I thumped the door shut, and rounded on him. But he just put a hand to my mouth, and whispered, 'By the desk — I'll lock the door — I can't wait any longer.' His eyes were gleaming — he looked much more excited than he had at the weekend.

Quest: Did you realise he meant to have sex?

Secretary: Not really — it was still all new to me. He turned the key in the door, came over and told me to sit on the edge of the desk. I told him, 'We can't do this.' He just grinned. 'Course we can. The best way to start the week is with a good fuck. You do want to, don't you?' I just nodded. Then he pulled down my knickers, opened my legs, moved between them, unzipped, and I was suddenly clinging to his neck and gasping as he grabbed my bare cheeks, and slipped into me.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Secretary: I'd never been made love to like that before. But about half-way through we both seemed to take off. Richard was so much quicker and more urgent than before. He suddenly began panting, 'I can't — I can't hold — I must —' And I'm sure that's what brought me off. There was a sudden whoosh of feeling, and I felt him jerking into me, and I knew he was coming. Then we sort of teetered together on the desk, looked at each other's red faces and Richard said, 'My God, wasn't that *fun*!' And it was!

Quest: How long did the relationship last?

Secretary: About three months. Then Colin found out — mainly because I told him. But I was suffering quite badly from guilt by then — not so much for betraying Colin, but for enjoying it so much! But it did buck Colin's ideas up — though he vets all my bosses now!

Quest: Thank you.

HOT SEX VIDEOS!!

TELEPHONE
01-871 2181
24 Hrs. – Inc. Saturdays & Sundays

JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING

THE THIRTY NINE STRIPS

SPECIAL production of our best 39 girls displaying all after a tantalising strip. 2 hour video VHS/BETA £15.
From: TABU VIDEO, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.

39 ACTS!

3 HOURS OF XXX IMPORTED VIDEOS
VHS/BETA

FOR ONLY £20.00 (inc. p&p)
NOT FOR THE UNINITIATED!

Order from Video Plus.
434 Corn Exchange Building.
Hanging Ditch. Manchester.

SUSPENDERS & STOCKING TOPS
Naughty clips of housewives and girlfriends etc. Training as model and striptease artists
VHS/Beta – ONLY £15.00
Video View, 12 Thornton Road,
Leytonstone, London E11

YOUNG AC/DC LADY 37.24.36
has privately made VHS & BETA Videos for sale.
Made to order service available.
My one hour 'special' – £15.00
Tobo Video, Box 350Q, Canterbury Road, Radford, Nottingham

BOTTOMS ONLY VIDEO
1 hour – £13.00
From: Bottoms Up, P.O. Box 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ

NUDE WIVES
One hour of
home-made full action.
Professionally made adult XXX
£10.00
Home Video Products,
P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

SPECIAL TASTES SEX VIDEOS

BUY AND EXCHANGE

Just choose any two XXX one hour videos of your own choice.
Then you can exchange them for
ONLY £1.50 PER FILM!
ANY 2 FOR £25

Just tell us your two favourite choices in 'specialist' sex videos and we will supply as close to your choice as possible or send your money back. When you have bought we will send you our special exchange list.

Send me two one hour videos of the following subjects:
1. ______
2. ______

If not available my second choice is:
3. ______
4. ______

Eros Video. 9/11 Kensington High Street.
London W8 5NP

I ENCLOSE £25.00. *VHS/BETA*
Name ______
Address ______

24 hour C.O.D. delivery service. Just ring 037 383 0822 to order by telephone.
WE CAN ALSO TELL YOU WHAT SPECIAL SUBJECTS WE HAVE

ADULT RUBBISH VIDEOS

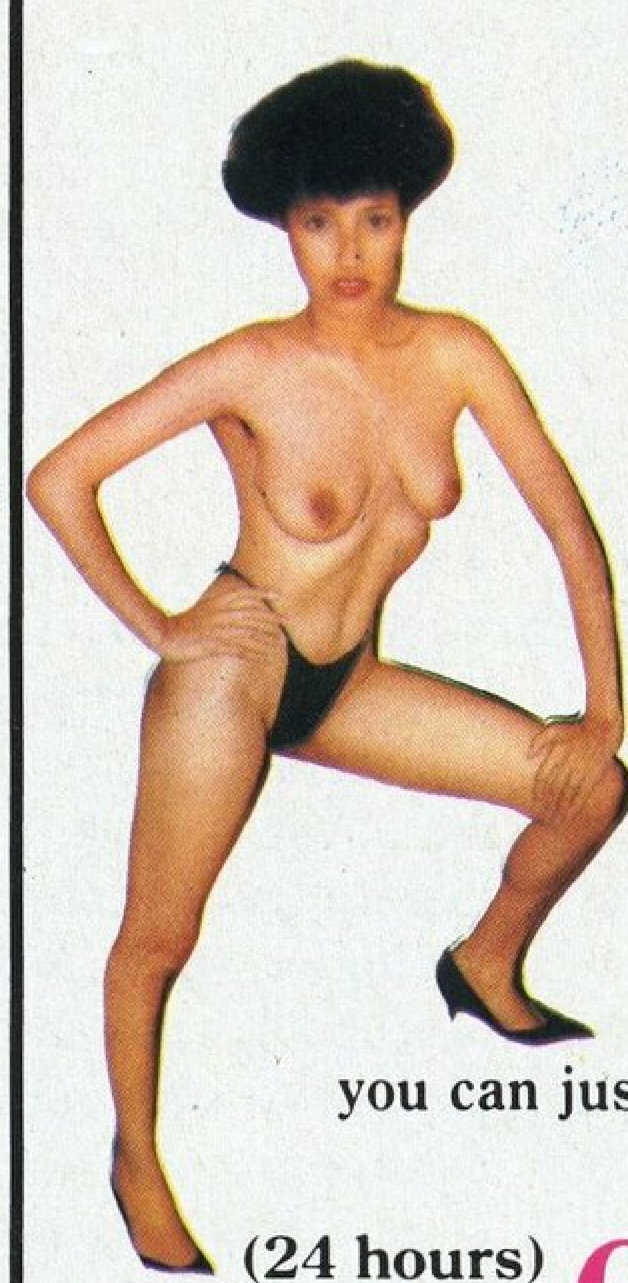
Have you been ripped off with so called adult videos which are so soft you could show them to your grandmother?

TAKE NO RISKS!

Buy a sample tape first – for only **£7.00** (inc. p&p)!
The £7.00 is refundable with your first order, so when you buy, the film is FREE for you to keep!

To XXX Home Video P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

Please send me my half hour EROTIC INFERNO sample film.
My video is (VHS/BETA). I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for £7 payable to Video Co.
Name ______
Address ______
______ Tel. No. ______



FREE!

OUR ½ HOUR XXX VIDEO PREVIEW TAPE

NO NONSENSE
If you don't want to buy any of the sex videos offered on the preview film you can just keep it to use as a blank and forget it!

TO ORDER JUST TELEPHONE
(24 hours)
(open weekends) **0373-830 563**

CALL ME NOW!

01-871 4333 (24 HOURS)
Including Saturdays and Sundays

JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING

CALL ME!

JUST LISTEN

01 871 9211
24 HRS. INCLUDING SATURDAYS & SUNDAYS

ORIENTAL
Our one hour fantastic adult video of XXX from **THE EAST!**
LEARN SOMETHING NEW
£9.95 (including p & p)
Only from
VIDEO VIEW
12 Thornton Road, Leytonstone,
London E11

HOT SEX
TELEPHONE MESSAGE!
TEL:
01-871 9311
(open 24 hours – recorded message)
AND JUST LISTEN TO THE XXX TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE

HOT SEX VIDEOS !!
Telephone **01-871 9055** *(24 hours)*
and just listen to the tape recording!

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name....Withheld
Sex....Female
Age....25 years
Town of Origin....
Manchester
Other details....This interviewee, an attractive blonde, has worked variously as a photographic model, kissogram girl and in promotions. She currently manages a model agency with her boyfriend.

Quest: Your work has involved you in the glamour industry, for want of a better word. How aware have you been of the more hidden aspects of sexuality?

Manageress: I think very little of it's been hidden! Quite the opposite, actually. But do you mean kinkiness? I've done kissograms dressed up in PVC, pretending to whip some fellow, but never for real. Mind you, I think everyone's kinky for something. I really believe that.

Quest: Speaking from personal experience?

Manageress: I used to know a guy who was, I suppose, fairly way out. I met him about five years ago. Peter was the client for some promotion work I did at a trade show. He had something to do with swimming pools, and I had to prance about this pool with this other girl, both of us in really tiny bikinis. He must have liked what he saw because he asked me out to dinner.

Quest: Was it a sexual relationship?

Manageress: We went to bed about three or four times I suppose. He was a nice lover, but it never got serious. We were always good friends, though — perhaps that's why — and I used to help him out quite a bit.

Quest: In what way?

Manageress: Mainly at parties. He did a lot of business entertaining at home. He liked to have lots of pretty girls around, so I'd get hold of other models I knew. To hand out drinks, or food, or just stand around.

Quest: They weren't expected to offer sexual favours to the real guests?

Manageress: No. I'm sure some got off with people, and went out with them afterwards, but it was meant to be good clean fun, or 'only moderately mucky', as Peter used to say!

Quest: What did he mean?

Manageress: He liked to dress the girls up in sexy costumes when we were serving drinks — you know, French maids, or nannies, or just stockings and suspenders — Janet Reger-type stuff. It was the sort of hallmark of his parties. The guys really used to go wild for it. No one ever turned down one of Peter's invitations.

Quest: So you'd be serving drinks wearing just underwear?

Manageress: Oh yes. Some of it was really gorgeous, too. Really expensive. You could always tell when Peter had an important deal to swing, no expense was spared — out would come the camisoles and the basques! And if you were topless that meant a real biggie.

Quest: Then you'd be wearing, what?

Manageress: Stockings, suspender belt, frilly knickers, of course. Some of the bigger chested girls would wear half-cut bras. Obviously I only picked girls with good figures, but stuff like that made them look *so* sexy. Then, of course, Peter insisted I go one step further. That was a bizarre night, if you want to know about kinkiness!

Quest: What happened?

Manageress: Peter had this bigwig coming, and he really wanted to knock the fellow's eyes out. I was there with four girls, and we'd already agreed to go topless. Then Peter pulled me aside. 'Sheila (name changed),' he said, 'I want to ask you an extra big favour. You're the best-looking girl here tonight, so when our guest turns up I want you to answer the door to him. I want you to be the first thing he sees.' I started to say I'd be happy to, but he shut me up. 'I know you'll be topless, love,' he said, 'but just before you open the door could you slip your knicks off too?'

Quest: What did you say to that?

Manageress: I burst out laughing. Poor Pete obviously thought *I* thought he was joking. I'd never talked about my photographic work to him. I didn't tell him I'd spent three of the last four nights stripped to the buff at camera clubs! In the end he got so nervous he doubled my money, and offered a bonus if I'd talk to the other girls. I'd done a double set with one of them at a club the month before, so she was alright. But two of them obviously thought they might get attacked or something. The last girl wanted to, but was afraid her old man would find out!

Quest: So you went ahead with it?

Manageress: Oh yes. The guest was a funny little guy, all roly-poly, middle-aged. His eyes went straight to my boobs, then down to my curly wurlies. I thought he'd have apoplexy! But he was great. He really took it well. So I gave him a big hug and a kiss.

Quest: What exactly were you wearing then?

Manageress: You're obsessed with this, aren't you? I had on a white lace suspender belt, white silk stockings, and gold high heels. The rest was all me. It was really odd going back into the party. *Everyone* looked — not at my face, but down *there*! I really had to make an effort to be natural. It was so different from the atmosphere in a club, where you build up to the nudity, and people know it's coming. I kept thinking, 'Christ, Sheila, you're showing *everything*. What would your mum say?' Then a couple of the fellows began joking with me, and Di, the other girl, came in not even wearing a suspender belt, and there were cheers and catcalls and we even got a burst of applause! Everything was fine after that.

Quest: No one tried to grab you?

Manageress: No — it was very disappointing! A lot of the men were quite shy. You had to chat them up to get them talking. It was a really odd feeling. There I was, chatting happily, being perfectly normal, except that I happened not to be dressed! It was like a naughty dream.

Quest: Did it turn you on?

Manageress: Yes! I think it did. Perhaps Mr Roly-poly hoped it had when I gave him a goodbye cuddle. I think he expected a lot more!

Quest: What happened?

Manageress: Oh just a little squeeze in the porch just before he left. Only my bum and boobs. I didn't mind. He was a sweetie. It was Peter we had to watch.

Quest: Why?

Manageress: After everyone had gone, Di and I stayed on to help him clear up. Pete had sunk an awful lot. He was merrier than I'd ever seen him, being really saucy too.

Quest: In what way?

Manageress: Giving us little kisses and cuddles, touching us up — but not in a nasty way, we were just having a laugh. I thought Di was good about it. I mean, I'd been to bed with Peter, but she was married. I don't know if I'd be too happy about a guy I hadn't been out with coming up behind me and clapping his hands over my boobs — and giving them a good fondle while he was about it! But I knew she'd always fancied him. I suppose she was grabbing her chance.

Quest: What about Peter?

Manageress: Oh yes! We were in the kitchen, giggling away, and Peter told us to put everything down, he was going to give us a big thank you kiss for making things go so well. So he turned to me — I didn't know what to expect — bent down to kiss me on the lips, and suddenly his arms were round me, crushing me to him, and his tongue was halfway down my throat — the whole big number. One hand was kneading the cheek of my bottom, another was coming up under my boob. When we came up for air my head was swimming. Pete turned straight to Di. 'Your turn, love,' he said. She didn't even blink. She was all over him, hands on nipples, grinding crotches, the lot. So much for marital fidelity! I was surprised she didn't do it with him on the spot. Finally they needed oxygen and stopped.

> **'He liked to dress us girls in sexy costumes — French maids, or just stockings and suspenders'**

QUEST

Di had this shiny-eyed, orgasmic look. Pete was grinning all over his face. He looked at me, and said, 'I've just had this fantastic idea, ladies. Why don't we all have some sexual intercourse?'

Quest: How did you react?

Manageress: Di and I burst out laughing — it was a bit strong, even for Pete. I said, 'In your state you'd have trouble with one of us, let alone two.' He just grinned at me. 'Oh yeah?' he said, and bumped this 'tent pole' in his trousers against my crotch. 'Don't you think *that's* good enough for a couple?' he grinned. Then he turned to Di and did it to her, making her shriek and pull back — but not that far. 'There, Di thinks so,' he told her. 'Don't you, love? I've really got the hots for you —' And he started pawing at her, and she was doing nothing to stop him. There was no way I was putting up with that — Pete was my fellow, if he was anyone's. So I went over and put my arms round him from behind, sliding my bare boobs up his back, and licking his ear.

Quest: Did that work?

Manageress: It had in bed a couple of weeks before! He let go of Di, turned round to me, grinning, and began kissing my neck and stroking my boobs. 'Let's go upstairs,' I said. He just shook his head. 'Too tired,' he said. 'Get on the table.' I thought he was joking! He wasn't — he started pushing plates and glasses out the way to make room. Then he grabbed me round the waist, and plonked me on the edge — it had a cloth on, thank goodness. I've done it in some funny places, but that took the biscuit. He wouldn't take no for an answer. 'Lie back,' he said. 'Come on — let your legs dangle over the edge — open them wide!'

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Manageress: Oh yes. With the light full on, and Di getting an eyeful. He'd obviously done it here before. As soon as he dropped his trousers, he could lean forward between my legs — my little bum was meanwhile balanced on the edge of the table. He took hold of my thighs, went up on his toes and slid straight into me. Then we were at it.

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Manageress: It wasn't exactly comfortable, I can tell you that! I never thought in a million years he'd bring me off — but he did. I think it must have been the angle he was doing it at — there was incredible pressure on my clitty. Then I was gasping away like there was no tomorrow, and he was getting off me.

Quest: Had he ejaculated?

Manageress: I don't think he could have done, because by the time I'd got my breath back he was on the floor with Di. I looked over the edge of the table and he was giving it to her doggy fashion, on the plastic tiles, really giving her a seeing to, though she didn't seem to mind. I was quite shocked.

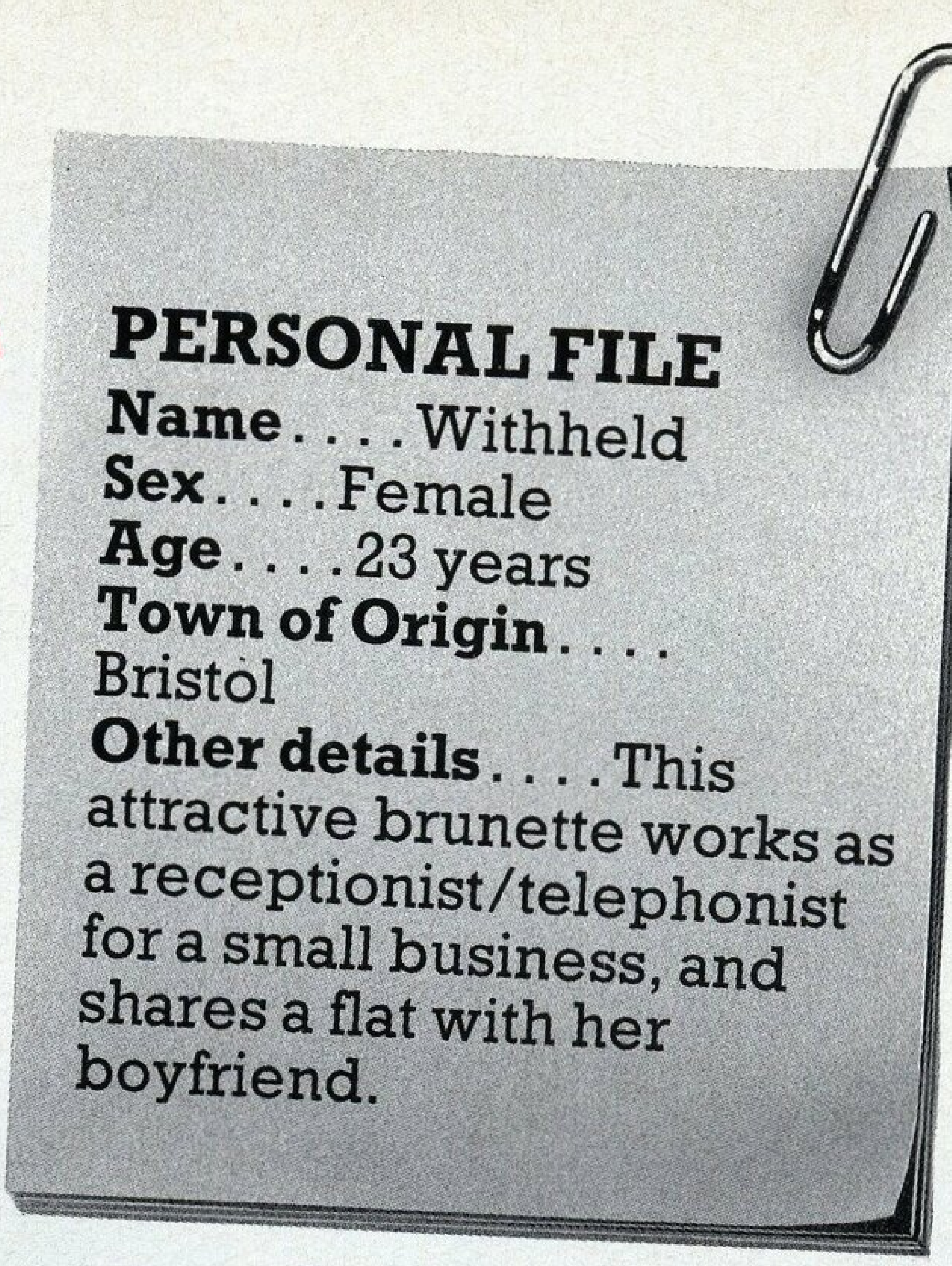
Quest: Why?

Manageress: Well, she *was* married. I reckon a fondle doesn't hurt anyone, but actually going the whole hog is a bit slaggy. I was impressed by Peter, though. I don't know how he did it. If he didn't bring Di off then she's a good actress.

Manageress: The idea of having two women at once was his sexual secret?

Manageress: Obviously.

Quest: Thank you.



PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 23 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Bristol
Other details. . . . This attractive brunette works as a receptionist/telephonist for a small business, and shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: Is there any part of your sex life you'd want to keep secret from others?

Receptionist: I'm not doing anything I'm ashamed of. I don't see any need to perform in public. I had enough of that with Gordon.

Quest: Who was this? A boyfriend?

Receptionist: God forbid! No, Gordon was a friend of Geoff — Geoff's my boyfriend.

Quest: What has Gordon got to do with performing in public?

Receptionist: We were just at his place.

Quest: Doing what? Making love?

Receptionist: Yes.

Quest: How? At a party? Did you borrow his bedroom?

Receptionist: No, it was in the living room. There was just the three of us. Gordon and Geoff and I.

Quest: You made love to both these men.

Receptionist: No! Just Geoff and me. I wouldn't do it with anyone else.

Quest: So how did Gordon fit in? Did he just sit there and watch.

Receptionist: Mostly, yes. I didn't find out till afterwards that he'd given Geoff twenty quid to let him. Geoff and I nearly broke up about it.

Quest: This man paid your boyfriend to watch him have intercourse with you?

Receptionist: Geoff said it was for both of us, because we were both on the dole then, and we needed the money, which was true.

Quest: Is that why you forgave him?

Receptionist: Partly, And I still loved him. I think you just have to accept that fellows are naturally kinky.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Receptionist: He had a photo album full of kinky stuff, pictures he'd taken himself.

Quest: These were photographs of women?

Receptionist: His wife, mainly. It didn't surprise me that he was separated. She was quite an attractive woman, too. She didn't have to do the sort of things Gordon got her to do. She obviously realised that in the end.

Quest: What sort of things are we talking about?

Receptionist: Gordon had this glamour photography complex. He had lots of snap-happy mates, and he'd invite them round and get Charmain to be their model.

Quest: Presumably these were nude poses?

Receptionist: If that's what you call it lying on your back, with your legs apart.

Quest: Go on.

Receptionist: In a lot of the pictures he'd obviously got her to touch herself. And the other

EN AVANT CITROYENS!

MAYFAIR
£1.00
It's the hostess from 'Whose Baby?'
Top model Corinne uncovered

Messieurs les français, voici la bonne affaire à ne pas manquer cette année!

En France, un exemplaire de *Mayfair* vous revient à 36^{F}, et notre numéro spécial de Noël vous coûte plus de 40^{F}.

En tout, plus de 340^{F} pour une année.

Pour remédier à cela, nous proposons une offre exceptionnelle à tous nos amis français :

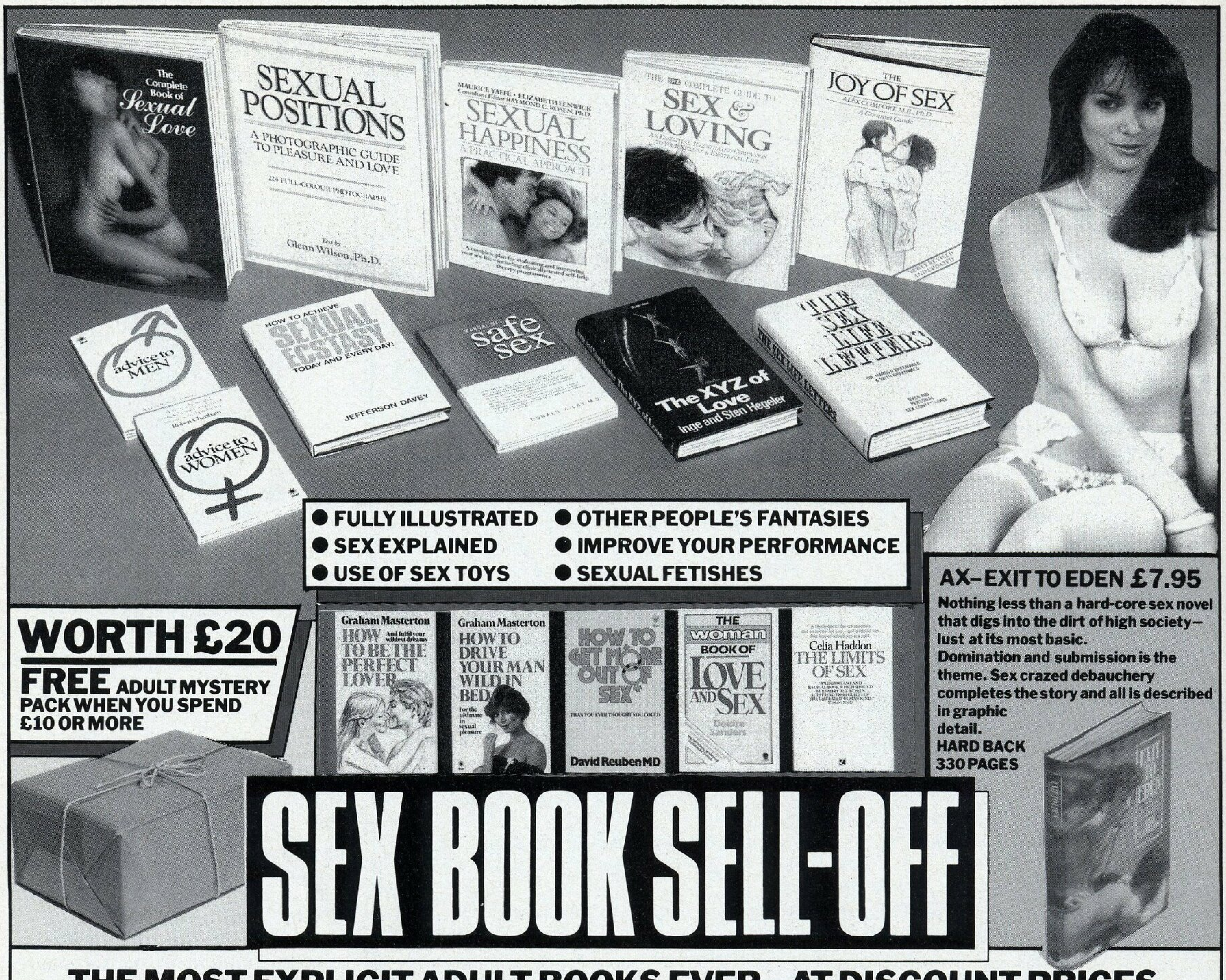
Un abonnement d'l an à *Mayfair*,. avec en supplément un exemplaire de *Best of Mayfair*, au prix incroyable de 300^{F}.

N'attendez pas!

Renvoyex-nous dès aujourd'hui le coupon ci-dessous, accompagné de votre règlement, en francs francais, à :

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane, London,
WC2A 1DZ, ANGLETERRE
S'il vous plait, abonnez-moi pour 1 an (12 nos) à *Mayfair*

Nom: . . . .
Adresse: . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
Date: . . . .
Je joins la somme de 300 francs:
☐ par Eurocheque
☐ par espèces
☐ par American Express/
Eurocard No. . . . .



- FULLY ILLUSTRATED
- SEX EXPLAINED
- USE OF SEX TOYS
- OTHER PEOPLE'S FANTASIES
- IMPROVE YOUR PERFORMANCE
- SEXUAL FETISHES

WORTH £20
FREE ADULT MYSTERY PACK WHEN YOU SPEND £10 OR MORE

AX–EXIT TO EDEN £7.95
Nothing less than a hard-core sex novel that digs into the dirt of high society–lust at its most basic. Domination and submission is the theme. Sex crazed debauchery completes the story and all is described in graphic detail.
HARD BACK
330 PAGES

SEX BOOK SELL-OFF

THE MOST EXPLICIT ADULT BOOKS EVER—AT DISCOUNT PRICES

AB—ADVICE TO WOMEN £2.75 Shows a woman how to keep her man coming back for more by exposing his sexual needs and desires.
150 EXCITING PAGES

AC—ADVICE TO MEN £ 2.75 Demonstrates the art of love-making by improving your techniques. Excite her, please her and have sex more often.
170 REVEALING PAGES

AD—HOW TO DRIVE YOUR MAN WILD IN BED £ 2.75 It really will improve your sexual performance from lack-lustre to one of lust and pleasure.
220 PAGES OF EXCITEMENT

AE—SEX LIFE LETTERS £ 9.95 A collection of unexpurgated letters that give a rare insight into other people's fetishes and sexual fantasies.
HARD BACK OVER 450 PAGES

AG—HOW TO BE THE PERFECT LOVER £ 3.25 To be good between the sheets you need to understand your own physical needs and the type of face or body that turns you on.
200 PAGES OF EXPLICIT SEX

AH—SEXUAL ECSTASY £6.95 Where is the real orgasmic spot? Most people are looking in the wrong place. When you know the spot it will cause raptures of sexual ecstasy in both partners.
HARD BACK 150 PAGES ON SEX

AJ—THE JOY OF SEX £9.95 Covers every type of sex with full illustrations from rear entry to oral, from bondage to vibrators, from masturbation to bisexuality.
HARD BACK 250 PAGES OVER 120 PICTURES

AK—MANUAL OF SAFE SEX £ 7.50 Sexually transmitted diseases are spreading rapidly. This book explains and illustrates the shocking effects on your body and explains how to combat the menace.
ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT MORE THAN 200 PAGES

AL—LOVE & SEX £1.95 The factual guide on what you like about sex, how you like it and with whom! A fascinating enjoyable read.
250 PAGES OF TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS

AM—THE XYZ OF LOVE £ 7.95 Covers every sexual subject with full illustrations and explains every problem for two people or three or four.
HARD BACK ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT 260 PAGES

AO—THE LIMITS OF SEX £1.75 If you are a modern liberated woman you may have experienced the limits of sex. Otherwise you should read this book. It will take you further than you have ever been before. **OVER 200 EXPLICIT PAGES**

EITHER POST THE COUPON OR VISIT YOUR NEAREST RETAIL OUTLET

AP—HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF SEX £2.95 Surely something everyone would like to know. Well it's packed with info, advice and tips to help you get even more!
OVER 260 REVEALING PAGES

AR—SEXUAL HAPPINESS £14.95 This book illustrates in close-up detail the sexual act in every form, including fetishes, the use and techniques on dildoes and sexual lubricants and fully uncensored pictures how to achieve sexual happiness.
HARD BACK 320 PAGES AND OVER 150 ILLUSTRATIONS

AS—SEX & LOVING £12.95 Packed with exciting pictures that reveal every detail of the sexual act and sexual practices. A must for the sexually aware adult, includes group sex, dildoes and much more.
HARD BACK 250 PAGES 100 PICTURES

AT—SEXUAL LOVE £ 14.95 Page after page of explicit pictures to lead you through the sexual jungle. Will excite your imagination like no other book. Explores lesbianism, dildoes, masturbation and many more.
HARD BACK 325 PAGES OVER 270 STUNNING PICTURES

AU—SEXUAL POSITIONS £11.95 A photographic guide that exposes the sex act in every facet, from vibrators to aphrodisiacs, from sexual positions to sexy clothing.
HARD BACK OVER 220 FULL COLOUR PICTURES AND OVER 150 PAGES

STARLIGHT BOOK OFFERS, 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent DA5 1PA.

These and many other adult products are available amongst the outlets listed.
Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd., Bexley, *1539 London Rd., Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** *266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** *203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St., *213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHEFFIELD** *Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd., Lewisham SE13 **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **READING** 108 Southampton St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc., Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

Please tick the titles you require and do not forget your **£20 FREE GIFT** if applicable.

☐ **AB** ☐ **AC** ☐ **AD** ☐ **AE** ☐ **AG** ☐ **AH**
☐ **AJ** ☐ **AK** ☐ **AL** ☐ **AM** ☐ **AN** ☐ **AO**
☐ **AP** ☐ **AR** ☐ **AS** ☐ **AT** ☐ **AU** ☐ **AX**
☐ **£20 FREE GIFT—if applicable**

Name ________________
Address ________________
____
________________ Post code ________

I am aware of the nature of the books and agree not to show them to minors. Signed ________________ I am over 18.

STARLIGHT BOOK OFFER. Dept MF, 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent DA5 1PA.

QUEST

guys, completely starkers, started appearing.

Quest: She posed with her photographers?

Receptionist: There was this series of photos where she was sprawled on her back, completely naked, and there are three fellows standing round the bed, looking down at her.

Quest: Did she have sex with any of these men?

Receptionist: Not in the pictures. There were a few where she looked as if she was just about to give someone a blow job, but that was all.

Quest: So you don't blame Gordon entirely?

Receptionist: Not *entirely*, but I mean no woman is going to act like that on her own. Some fellow has to put her up to it.

Quest: How often did you see these pictures?

Receptionist: Only the once, when we went back to Gordon's flat after the pub.

Quest: And they turned you on?

Receptionist: Pictures of naked women normally don't turn me on. But when you see someone you know like that, it's different. I just couldn't see how she'd worked herself up to do it.

Quest: Would you have done it?

Receptionist: That's obviously what Gordon had in mind. I was telling him what I thought, and Gordon was saying, 'No, you've got it all wrong. It was just a bit of sexy fun. Charmain loved it.' I just didn't believe him.

Quest: Where were you all sitting?

Receptionist: Goeff and I were sitting on the floor with our legs stretched out, and the album was lying on them, between us. We were leaning against the sofa. Gordon was sprawled on it, pointing things out as we turned the pages. We'd all had quite a heavy evening at the pub, and Gordon poured some whisky when we got to his place. Then after a while we all seemed to nod off. The next thing I knew was waking and realising I wasn't dreaming — Geoff was stroking me.

Quest: In what way?

Receptionist: He must have unclipped me because he was touching my nipples — I only had a ribbed sweater over my bra. But he had his hand under my skirt, too — he'd worked his way under my gusset and was fingering me there.

Quest: Were you ready for intercourse?

Receptionist: I'm sure I was wet enough for Geoff to put it in me. It was about at that point — Geoff actually had my knickers off — when it finally dawned on me where I was. The lights were off, but there was a bright glow from this imitation log fire in the hearth. I looked round for Gordon — the sofa was empty. Geoff was hissing at me, 'Don't worry — he's asleep — he won't notice a thing.' Then I saw him curled up, on a smaller sofa at the other end of the room. His head was turned away; he looked dead to the world. 'For pity's sake,' Geoff whispered. 'Forget about him — I want you —' And he started touching me again. And that was it.

Quest: You had intercourse?

Receptionist: I wanted it as much as he did — probably more! Geoff pulled off his tee-shirt, and I helped him undo his jeans — I remember gasping, and flashing a look at Gordon as the buckle jingled. Then Geoff was pushing them off with his pants, and pulling me down next to him. He started kissing and sucking my boobs, but I knew we were pushing our luck, so I told him to stop — lovely though it was! — and come straight into me. He moved on top and I helped him find my opening. Then there was that gorgeous, blissful moment when his thing pushes between my lips, and I feel it all hot and hard sliding so deep inside me. And we started to do it — in a very restrained fashion, which was as agonising as it was superb. I was desperately trying to keep myself quiet, stifling all my gasps, holding my breath so as not to pant too loud — it was murder! Then, of course, Geoff got carried away — just when I thought I'd get off with a quiet, gentle little climax — and began really banging into me. He was literally bumping me against the carpet, knocking all the breath out of me. It was absolutely fantastic, but that was hardly the point. Then I felt it start to happen for me, and for a couple of minutes I didn't care any more, and right in the middle of my spasms Geoff let go too. It was glorious! And that was when I heard another groan from the other end of the room.

Quest: Gordon?

Receptionist: I twisted my head round, and glimpsed him half sitting up with this stricken look on his face. Then I saw the front of his trousers were open, and his hand was there. He just jumped up and ran into the bathroom.

Quest: He'd become over-excited?

Receptionist: I'd say so! I wasn't upset — we were actually giggling. But I felt horribly embarrassed too. I'd never done anything like that before. Geoff wanted us to stay, but I couldn't. I got dressed again, and waited at the door while he said goodbye to Gordon. Now I know why Geoff was so keen on lingering.

Quest: So he's entirely forgiven?

Receptionist: If I'm honest, I have to say *thinking* about what happened usually turns me on. I have these naughty visions of Geoff and I on the job, and Gordon sort of rearing over me.

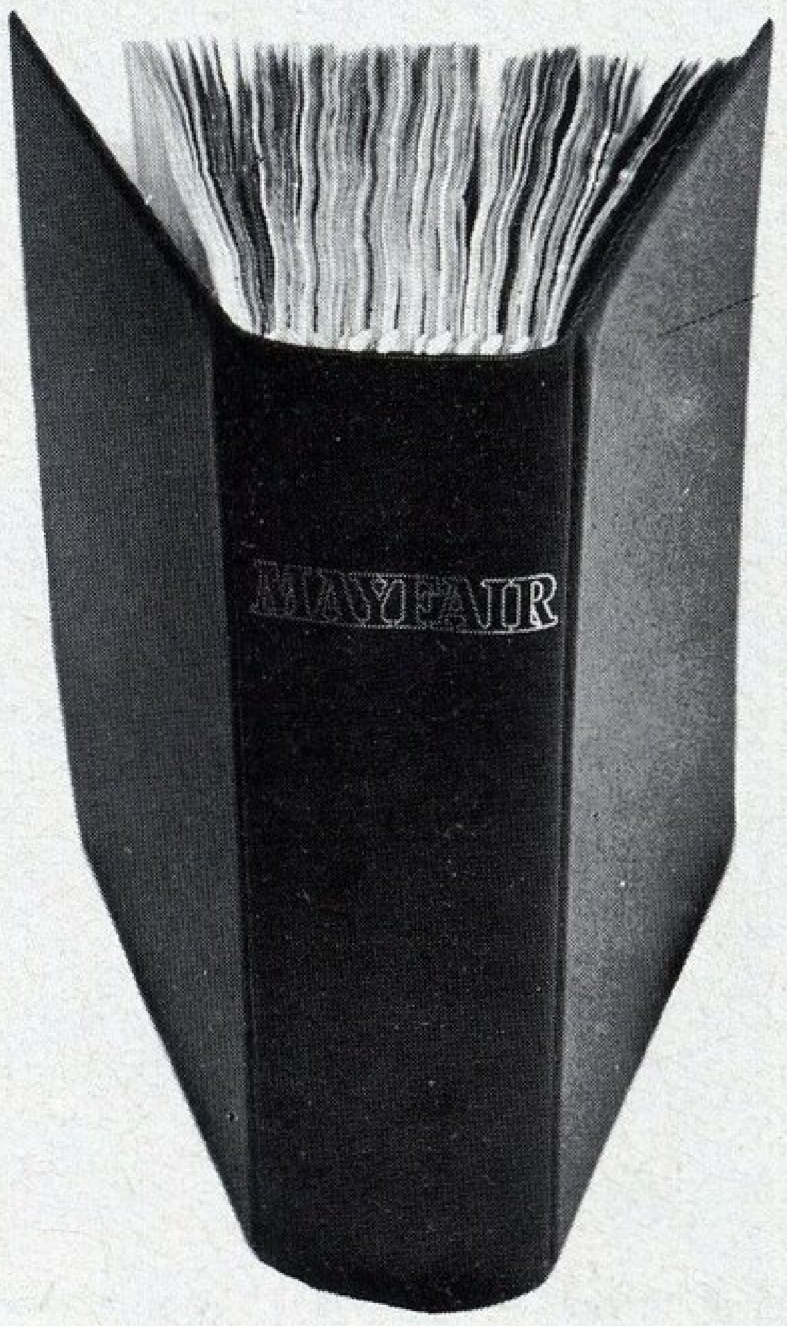
Quest: You have your own secret sex life, too?

Receptionist: I haven't told Geoff yet — I will one day. I don't want him to get carried away!

Quest: Thank you.

> **'He was touching my nipples, so he must have unclipped me, and his hand was under my skirt'**

BINDERS, KEEPERS



Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant, dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £7.00, inclusive of P&P.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ
Please send me .... binder(s) at £7.00 each.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £......... Or debit my Access/American Express account.

Card No. ....
Name ....
....
Address ....
....
....
Signature ....
Date M22/12

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875169

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

NEW: MODELS AVAILABLE FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK. WRITE FOR DETAILS.

ADULT GLAMOUR

NEW MODELS REQUIRED FOR BOTH STILL & VIDEO WORK. SEND RECENT SNAPSHOT TO ADDRESS BELOW

Penny

Susie

Michelle

Helen

Glamour videos and photosets for your delight including uniforms, nurse, french maid, army, stockings and suspenders, big boobs, long legs, sexy undies, shower scenes, outdoor scenes etc, etc. Seventeen striptease videos and over 90 photosets for your pleasure.

SAMPLE 1-HOUR VIDEO: Featuring several pretty girls peeling off just for you – includes those seen here! Just £15 for the full hour!

SAMPLE 2-HOUR VIDEO: as above but features several more pretty girls: £28

SAMPLE 3-HOUR VIDEO: features LOTS more pretty girls: £40

SAMPLE PHOTOSET: Big full colour prints of all of our girls. Only £6.

SPECIAL OFFER: Five different one-hour videos (normally £75) for the special price of £60 or TEN one-hour videos (normally £150) for just £120.

1-HOUR VIDEOS OF THE ABOVE GIRLS: Each of the girls above appears in her own one-hour video – various striptease routines, uniforms, etc. Our lists and samples are fully comprehensive and include photos of all our girls plus full details of our videos and photosets. Send *NOW* for your copy!

Cut out order form: —

To order: simply fill in your name and address, tick the items you want and send this slip along with cheque/postal order for the full amount to: Fiona Cooper, PO Box 16, Halifax, W. Yorks HX1 1EU.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Please print clearly.

Dear Fiona, please send me the items below under plain cover. I am over 18.

- ☐ 1 hour sample video featuring several girls £15 VHS/BETA
- ☐ 2 hour sample video featuring more girls £28 VHS/BETA
- ☐ 3 hour sample video featuring lots of girls £40 VHS/BETA
- ☐ Lists & samples £2
- ☐ Sample Photoset £6
- ☐ 1 hour video of **Carol** £15 VHS/BETA
- ☐ I hour video of **Cheryl** £15 VHS/BETA
- ☐ 1 hour video of **Chrissy** £15 VHS/BETA
- ☐ 1 hour video of **Helen** £15 VHS/BETA
- ☐ 5 different 1 hour videos £60 VHS/BETA
- ☐ 10 different 1 hour videos £120 VHS/BETA

all prices include p&p

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JOHN ALLUM

P·A·T

If you are looking for festive spirit, then 22-year-old Pat Younger is the girl to contact. Over the busy Christmas period, Pat will be working in her best friend's off-licence, serving customers with their party orders. Pat whose figure measures an ample 40-24-36 got used to selling drinks, and all the jokes about her top-heavy frame when she worked in a pub. 'If I had a pound for every time some bright spark asked for ''two large ones'', I could retire tomorrow,' she says. Not that she minds too much. 'It's nice to be appreciated', she adds with sudden disarming modesty.

MHM

Pat's background might come as a surprise to anyone who judges people by their work. Her father and mother own a large house on the North Yorkshire moors, and Pat was brought up, she says, as a 'Yorkshire yuppy'. So why choose to live in a single bedroom flat in Ealing? 'Belated teenage rebellion,' she claims with a laugh. 'Look, Mummy and Daddy do their thing, and I do mine. If I want to work in a pub or an "offy" in my best tarty outfits, that's my decision. Dad likes old crime novels, I like turning guys on. So what?' So her appearance in *Mayfair* won't surprise them? 'I reckon they're used to my naughtiness by now.'

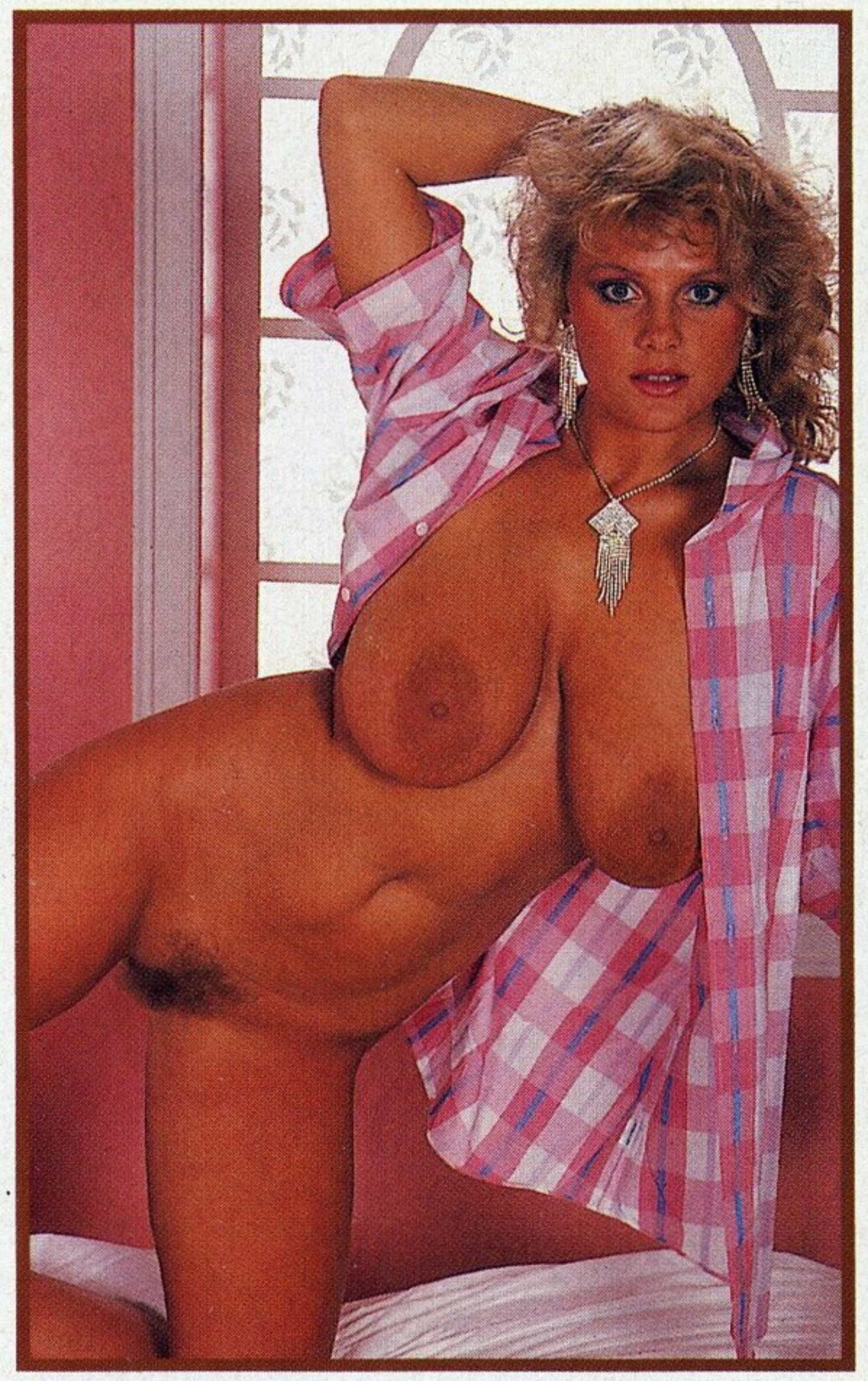
Pat's Christmas is almost schizophrenic in its diversity. She'll be working late in the Ealing off-licence on Christmas Eve, then driving to North Yorkshire for lunch with all the trimmings. Then she's working in a pub on New Year's Eve. 'It's the best night of the year to work. Everyone goes OTT,' she says. 'This year I've bought a skintight rubber dress with hardly any front at all. More ''two large one'' jokes!' Not that this is her most dangerous outfit. 'The brewery once gave me a teeshirt with my name over my right boob. Everyone took it as an instruction.'

JENNIFER

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

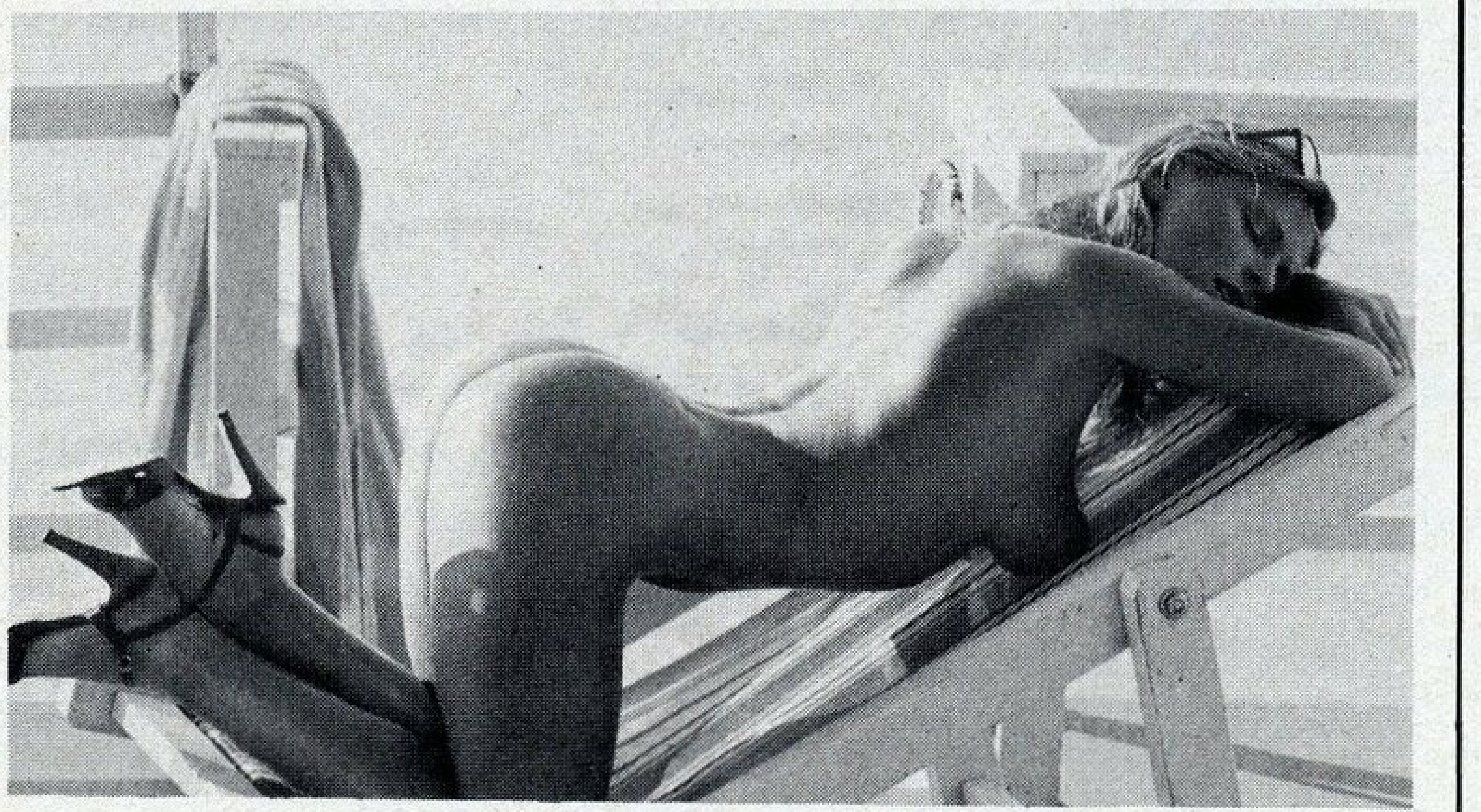
Jennifer was always an ambitious girl, even at the age of seven she knew she wanted to be a model. 'I remember seeing these adverts with all these beautiful women on the TV and being completely transfixed.' Now, at the age of 20 she and her 40-24-36 figure are doing very nicely. 'This wasn't exactly the sort of modelling I had in mind at first,' she admits, 'but I enjoy every minute of it. It beats working!'

Her ambitions took a turn in the glamour direction when, at the age of 16 her bosom blossomed, and continued doing so until she was 18. 'I couldn't do fashion work because I was a bit - er - over developed, but then I got some work for a lingerie firm and it took off from there.' And she's been taking them off ever since.



'I like nude modelling, but I think it's much more of a turn on for a guy if he sees a girl in sexy underwear. I wear it all the time, even when I'm not working,' giggles Jennifer, her ample breasts quivering with each mirthful spasm. 'I think women should dress up for their men, especially at bed-time!' she continues in earnest. 'I did it for my last man and we *both* felt the benefit.'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL



Sian Adey Jones was in Vol 20 No 1. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 19 Nos 8 and 10 and Vol 20 Nos 1, 3 and 6 for only £5. But be quick!

Other back numbers available include: **VOL. 19 No. 10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, Sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, Free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; **2** *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **4** *(Debee Ashby's first nude pictures, Early Jaguars)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', Blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galley ships)* £2.00; **8** *(Barest MP, Sacred Cowes)* £2.00; **9** *(The Hostess From* Bob's Full House, *Canoeing Down Cliffs)* £2.00; **10** *(Richard Branson's lady's nude modelling days, DIY planes)* £2.00; **11** *(Princess Stephanie's love rival,* Penthouse editor *nude, Huey the helicopter hero of Vietman)* £2.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £2.25; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £2.50; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 7,** £2.90; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer** £2.70.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues ....
Name ....
Address ....
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M22/12

LETTERS

continued from page 18

library windows it also snuck in between the flimsy material of the skirt, silhouetting those legs all the way up to the Golden Gate.

I squinted against the bright sunlight, not wanting to miss a single moment of this delicious display. Then suddenly, the knees began to bend as she squatted down to check out the books on the lower shelves. My eyes followed her knees down to the next level, where they hunched causing her skirt to ride up, giving me an extended view of those voluptuous thighs.

I bent my head over further, trying to see even more. As luck would have it, women are fidgety creatures and she soon shuffled her legs into what was obviously a more comfortable, and from my viewpoint, advantageous position. Advantageous because it afforded me a bookworm's eye view of her taut white panties, which were stretched tight over the plumpness of her mound.

By this time I was practically on the floor, head bent at an acute angle, in as much of this opportune peepshow as I could. I was so close I could almost touch it, and I could certainly see every luscious contour of her fettered cleft.

As the bulge in my jeans became uncomfortably bigger I saw her move again, revealing a slight strip of crinkled flesh on one side of her gusset. I let in an audible intake of breath, then a sharp cry as my neck suddenly cricked in a sharp spasm of pain. I looked up and to my horror and recognised that the legs belonged to Carol a rather attractive classmate of mine, who was now staring at me through the gap in the book casing. 'What on earth are you doing down there,' she grinned, peering through the opening, which had, until a few seconds before, been my own private viewing port. I spluttered something unintelligable as I tried to hide a blatantly obvious lump in my jeans.

Carol, still grinning, stared directly at my crutch.

'If you give me a hand with my Longfellow,' she said. 'I'll give a hand with yours.'

She was as good as her word, too. In a conveniently empty study, I received one of the best blow jobs I have ever had. In return I helped her out with her revision and out of those tight white panties.

I scraped through my exams, although I like to think I scored considerably higher with Carol.

R J Loughborough

Fishnet fetish

Being a subscriber to such a first-class magazine, I thought I'd write with some good and some bad news. The good news is that Gail Thackray is magic, Vol 22 No 9. She's got it all. *Mayfair* at its best. Many thanks for appearing, Gail. The bad news is — why don't some *Mayfair* models wear fishnet stockings? They are not often seen in the photosets. What would make my mouth water would be a girl with sexy legs wearing a black pair of fishnet stockings.

J Hamilton, Galashiels

Start salivating, Mr Hamilton. We hope covergirl Sylvie (pp11-17) meets with your taste.

Miss understanding

I don't think I'll ever fully understand women. I had known Sue for many months, as we worked in the same building and often had a cup of tea together. We also used to travel home together on the same train.

Slowly our relationship warmed and from goodbyes it slowly became a kiss on the cheek and then on the lips. At this stage I did not expect anything to develop, as Sue was engaged to be married. However, each night our kisses seemed to become more passionate, and then one night Sue, to my surprise said she would invite me round for supper. What, to meet her fiancé, I thought? However, Sue's husband-to-be worked nights, and she'd picked an evening when her parents would be away. She also knew I was going on to her home after seeing my then girl-friend.

On arrival she seemed to be rather cool towards me, but after supper she told me not to be so bashful, and led me to the settee. Pushing her back, I slid my hand under her skirt and up towards the tops her legs. With the palm of my hand on her panties, I felt the warmth underneath. Moaning faintly, Sue parted her legs and raised her bottom. Taking the hint, I slid her panties down to her ankles and knelt between her thighs. Moving down, I buried my tongue in her, slowly licking her back and forth. At the same time, I unzipped myself and kicked my trousers off. At this point, Sue said, 'No we mustn't.' I couldn't believe it. Here I was with a girl's skirt up round her waist, no knickers, her legs wide apart and ready to go from the state I'd got her in, and all

turn to page 178

JUT WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED* * *

A grateful reader told us the story of how when he was feeling depressed his local GP recommended a subscription to *Mayfair*. 'You need cheering up,' he was told. 'Laugh at a few cartoons, look at some pretty girls.' What an excellent prescription. It worked too. And it can work for you and for your friends. Afterall what better gift can you bestow than Good Health?

A subscription to Mayfair costs just £20 and brings you 12 spritely issues plus our best selling Best of Mayfair collectors issue — all sent print fresh to your home or office in plain wrapper.

ORDER FORM

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Give a subscription as a present. Write your personal message to him on the slip above and we'll ensure he gets it with the first month's issue.

To Mayfair Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me 12 issues of Mayfair beginning with Vol . . . No . . . (delete if not applicable)

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

PLEASE SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO:

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

Beginning with Vol . . . No . . . . Please fill in your own name and address.

I enclose a cheque/PO payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account no . . . . We also welcome telephone orders from credit card customers. Ring 01 242 1593 between 9.30am and 5pm and ask for Credit Card Sales.

We offer a great deal for foreign subscribers too. A subscription from any overseas address costs £30 Sterling, but look at these local currency prices all of which are well below bookstall rates.

AUSTRIA 600 A SCH/ BELGIUM 1750 B FR/ GERMANY 100 DM/ HOLLAND 100 FL/ FRANCE 300 FR/ SPAIN 5000 PTAS/ SWITZERLAND 70 S FR/ NTH AMERICA US $45.

M22/12

Delivery for Christmas cannot be guaranteed on overseas orders received after Dec 11 or inland orders after Dec 16.

LETTERS

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

continued from page 176

of a sudden — no! Then, much to my relief, Sue reached forward, grabbed hold of me, and pulled me down. As I slid into her she hissed, 'Hurt me. Fuck me hard.' I began to thrust into her, and knew I would not last long. Then, as I reached the point of no return, she said that I wasn't to come inside her, even though I knew she was on the Pill. Well, I managed that, but only just.

Before long she was moving down my body to suck me back to life. We then, amazingly, proceeded to screw the night away, each time being more enjoyable than the last.

Subsequently, Sue and I met up on several occasions, and usually ended up in bed. Then her boyfriend found out and all hell broke loose. It ended up with them still marrying. She left our firm, presumably so she would never see me again. I still don't fully understand where I fitted into her life.

P K, Kennington

Halfway to heaven

Hello, from Canada. Last night seems like a dream, or more like the climax to a porno movie. Dave, my boyfriend, had just bought himself a 23ft, 9 passenger, shiny, sleek, midnight-blue Cadillac limousine. The back-seat is almost 6ft long and 3ft wide — heavenly. The last time I made love in a car was in a beetle bug Volkswagen, ten years ago. Hmm, I've come a long way since then.

The first thing we did was cruise down Main Street in Mission, British Columbia. That Cadillac looked like a million bucks; everywhere we went heads turned and mouths dropped. As Dave tipped his hat to the religious ladies, I, unseen, stroked his hard and purple prick. Hell, I'd rather be a heathen than a hypocrite.

My throat was gettin' parched. Dave stopped and bought a six-pack of beer. Then next thing I knew, we were floatin' down the street on a cushion of air.

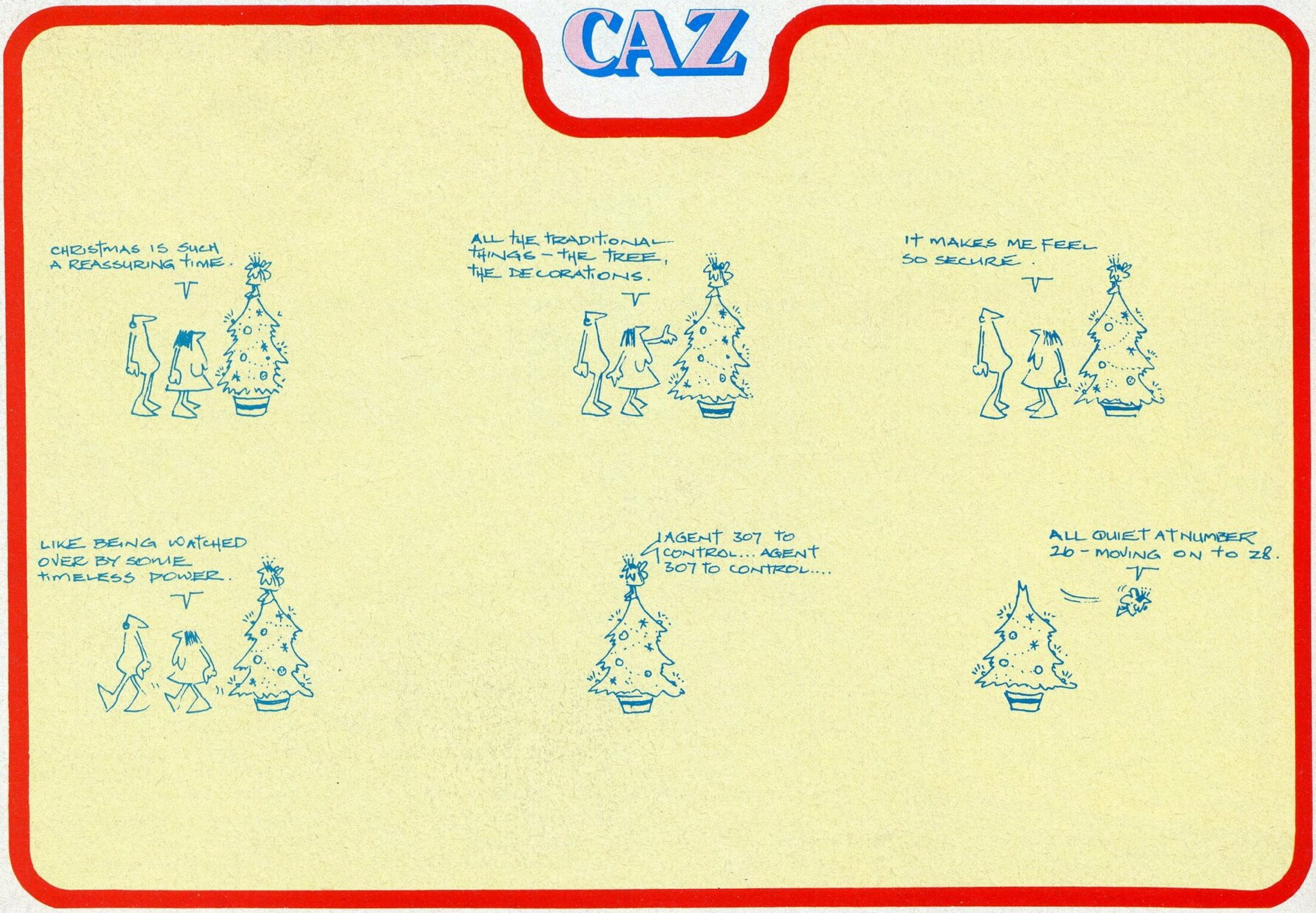
Two beers later, I loosened up, and started flinging away my inhibitions and my clothes until I was wearing the only suit I own, my birthday suit. I was half drunk and half draped over Dave with my legs propped up on the dashboard. Beer dribbled down my chin and merged with my juices. Dave kept his eyes on the road, but his hand was halfway to heaven.

As dusk approached, we swung into an old abandoned weigh scale, beside the Fraser River, and whipped around behind some bushes next to the railroad tracks. I crawled over the front seat and flaked out in the back. Dave peeled off his clothes and pounced on me. His cock quivered with anticipation, and his eyes sparkled with boyish delight. I wrapped my slithery, snake-like tongue around his erection, while he moaned and groaned with pure pleasure. He buried his face in my boobs and he buried his big boner deep inside me. We were makin' love like a couple of primeval primates. After twenty minutes of captive copulating, I begged for mercy, and for fresh air. The limousine looked like the inside of a sauna because every window was coated with a layer of sensuous steam. With the flick of switch, the back windows were open and I was gratefully gulping in huge mouthfuls of fresh air. God, air never tasted so good.

Dave and I were working ourselves into a frenzy, which explained why we didn't hear the train coming. Dave was sprawled on top of me and the train was almost on top of us before we realised what was happening. The train's headlight lit up the entire cadillac. It was like making love under floodlight. We were goin' full speed ahead, totally out of control. Simultaneously, Dave let out a blood-curdling, bone-chilling, prehistoric, supremacy call — call of the wild, and the train's whistle let out a shrill blast. The train's whistle couldn't have come a better time because it covered up our animalistic antics which, by this time, had been going on for a few hours.

After our 'marathon', we walked down to the beach and watched the stars dance on the water. From the distance, the northern lights winked at us. As we lay there, a chorus of frogs serenaded us, and the fireflies entertained us. I was beginning to feel very relaxed. Dave kept his eyes on the horizon, but his hand was halfway to heaven.

Linda, Maple Ridge, Canada


CAZ
CHRISTMAS IS SUCH A REASSURING TIME.
ALL THE TRADITIONAL THINGS – THE TREE, THE DECORATIONS.
IT MAKES ME FEEL SO SECURE.
LIKE BEING WATCHED OVER BY SOME TIMELESS POWER.
AGENT 307 TO CONTROL... AGENT 307 TO CONTROL....
ALL QUIET AT NUMBER 26 – MOVING ON TO 28.